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# HOME MADE JINGLES

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GRACE SORENSON



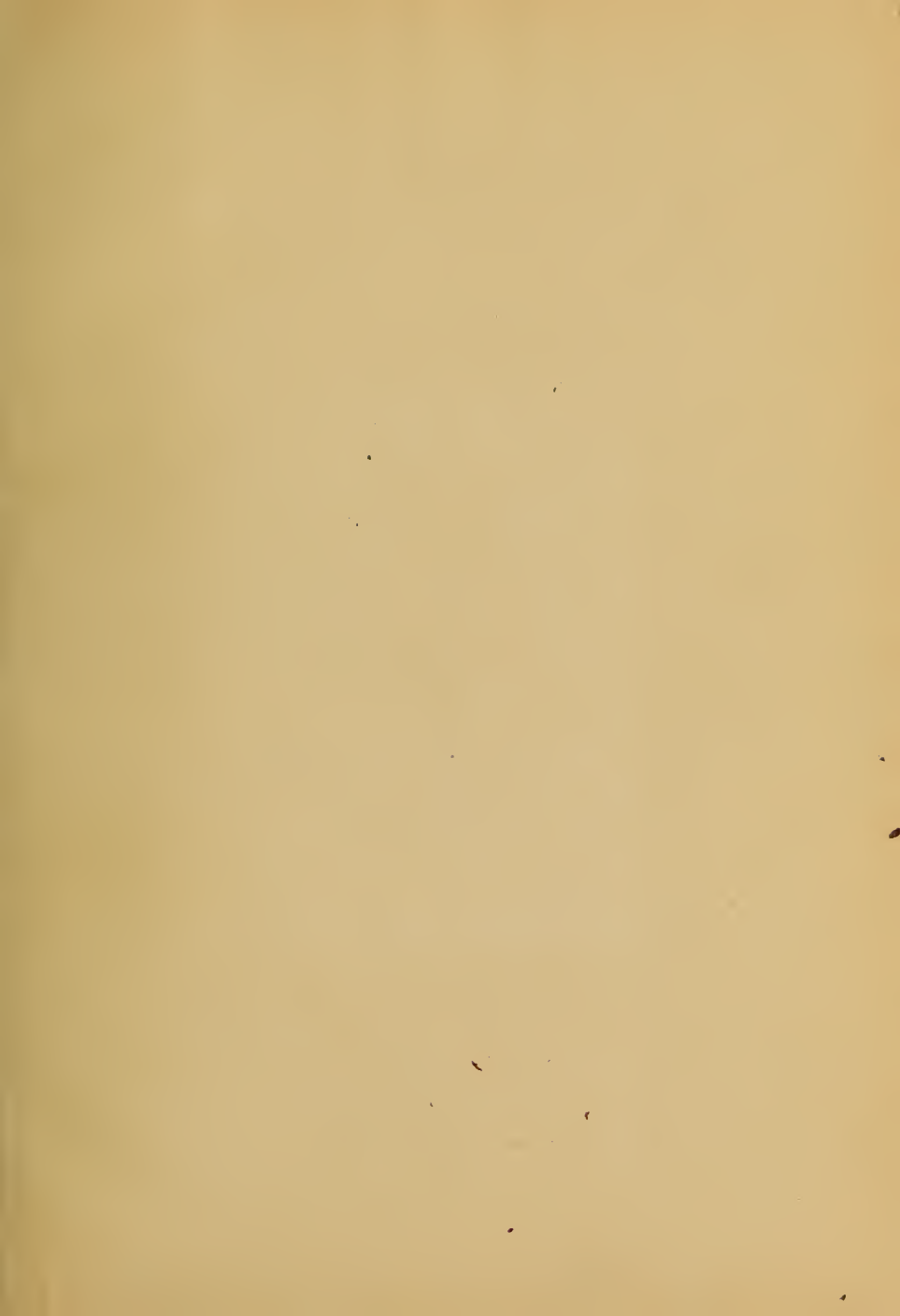
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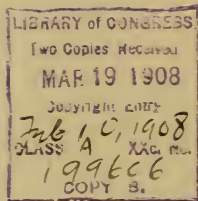
1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be improved.

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## PROEM.

'Twas not my fault that I was born  
With jingles on my brain.  
Because I've ground some out, please don't  
Consider me insane.

Altho' I think I would have been  
Unbalanced by this time,  
If I had not thus gained relief  
From their continual chime.

And so, my readers, here they are,  
Put down in black and white,  
And if you like them, good and well,  
Or if you don't, all right.  
Do not complain, if in your ears,  
You sometimes hear them ring;—  
'Tis only fair that you should share  
My jingles' jing-a-ling.

Don't criticise the subjects which  
I've been obliged to use:—  
I had no opportunity  
More lofty ones to choose.  
As I was late in getting here,  
Not much was left for me,  
For greedy poets had grabbed all  
Good themes for poetry.

But since I've done my best, I hope  
Some credit will be earned;—  
My verses are machine-made, yes  
But I'm the crank that's turned.  
I would have written brilliant prose  
Of highest type instead,  
But all my thoughts are measured by  
A meter in my head.

¶ THE JINGLES IN THIS  
VOLUME WERE ORIGIN-  
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# Home Made Jingles



# Home Made Jingles

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## DISHES AND MEN.

"I wonder if you've ever thought  
That dishes are like men?  
If not, perhaps you'd like to learn  
Of their resemblance then.

Now there are common dishes that  
Are plain, but good and strong,  
And in the kitchen or upon  
The pantry shelf belong,

While all the more expensive ones,  
Decked out in flow'rs and gold,  
Sit proudly round the wall or in  
The china cabinet, bold.

For family use, the common ones  
Must serve three meals a day,  
And when their work is done, they are  
At once all put away.

And all the time the Haviland  
Is sitting idly there,  
Except on swell occasions when  
It's spread around with care.

Ah, is it not with men the same?  
The common class must toil,  
While all their high-toned brothers are  
Afraid their hands to soil.

The world looks on and praises those  
Who make a grand display,  
But those who've done the hardest work,  
Unknown, unseen must stay.

And yet there's consolation for  
The poor but honest folk,—  
E'en Haviland and millionaires  
Are useless when they're broke.

There's just one thing that I regret,  
Which is a well known fact,—  
They both are often kept about  
Long after they are cracked.

A LULLABY.

Go to sleep, my baby,  
Shut your little eyes,  
Let your papa sooth you  
With his weary sighs.  
Lose yourself in slumber  
Here on daddy's breast.  
Let this poor, old fellow  
Have a little rest.  
Mamma is away, dear,  
So you mustn't fight—  
She is playing bridge now  
Ev'ry other night.

Chorus—

Hush a bye, my baby,  
Chase away that scowl—  
For it is a prelude  
To another howl.  
There's no use in crying,  
Tho' few things are worse  
Than a bridge-fiend mother  
And a whiskered nurse.  
But when you are married  
Then real woe begins.  
Hush a bye, my baby,  
I'm glad you're not twins.

*HOME MADE JINGLES*

When you grow to manhood,  
If you ever do,  
Then you'll understand, pet,  
How I feel toward you.  
I should like to stuff you  
Full of cotton so  
You would keep those bellows  
To yourself, you know,  
For you sound just like a  
Young deserted calf.  
I believe you've swallowed  
A cheap phonograph.

Hurry up to sleep now,  
Shut those blubb'ring eyes,  
Mamma soon will be here  
Gushing o'er her prize.  
Then you'll wake up wider,  
And I'll get abuse.  
She will crossly tell me  
That I am no use.  
If you do not fasten  
Those small lips real tight,  
I'll insert a capsule  
Filled with dynamite.

MODERN SURGERY.

"What are you doing there, my son,  
Upon the parlor floor?  
I'm very sure I never saw  
You still so long before."

The doctor then in anger cried:  
"What mischief have you done?  
You've cut my dictionary up!  
I do not like such fun."

"Why, papa," said the little boy,  
"I'm playing I am you,  
And so an operation, dad,  
I really had to do.

"This book, I played was pale because  
You know it's never read;  
I was afraid that it was ill  
And some day might be dead.

"And so I opened it right up,  
For I have heard you say  
That operations always bring  
The surgeon's greatest pay.

"And, papa, tho' I didn't know  
Just what I was about,  
I saw a big appendix there  
And straightway cut it out."

## THE GRANDMA OF TODAY.

Where have the old grandmothers gone  
Who used to sit all day  
Beside the fire and calmly knit  
The sunny hours away,

While little children played about,  
Or sat upon their laps,  
And pulled the locks of snowy hair  
That fell beneath their caps?

How sweet it was to listen to  
The stories grandma told,  
Which always sounded new again  
Altho' so very old.

How good it seemed when all went wrong  
Tho' you had done your best,  
To have a big, old-fashioned cry  
On dearest grandma's breast.

But where, oh, where have they all gone—  
These grandmas of the past?  
I've hunted for them far and wide  
But given up at last.



The grandma of today is young,  
At least she tries to be;—  
Unless you look real close at her,  
No gray hairs can you see.

No longer now a little cap  
Is resting on her head;  
She wears a fine Parisian hat  
Of latest style instead.

She does not knit beside the fire  
For that is much too tame;  
If there is any fun at hand,  
Dear grandma's in the game.

You see her at the theater  
You meet her on the links,  
Competing with the high school girls,  
In all her frills and kinks.

And in an auto she will tear  
So fast along the street,  
It isn't safe for boys and girls  
Their grandmammas to meet.

## A COMMON TYPE.

I've observed that many persons  
Like to boast of what they've done,  
And to tell of all their virtues  
And the places where they've gone,  
Never thinking that they bore you,  
Never seeing you are tired,  
But just wanting their achievements  
To be known and then admired.

It is hard to get a word in,  
Tho' you try with might and main,  
As to stop their tongues a moment  
Is to give these people pain.  
If you should by some maneuver  
Their loud blowing once suppress,  
You would feel remorse and pity  
When you saw their great distress.

So it's best to sit and listen,  
Resignation on your face,  
If within their friendship circle  
You would keep your honored place.  
As they have no use for persons  
Who their ego channels clog,  
And who spoil with interruptions  
Their perpetual monologue.

But I think they ought to pay us  
For the patience that we show—  
We display a heroism  
Of the martyrs long ago.  
Now if we could have a penny  
For each time they used an "I,"  
All our earthly needs and longings  
We could shortly satisfy.

Like electric fans these persons  
Can be felt just when they blow.  
That is why in constant motion  
They both keep hot air, you know.  
But the former are the better,  
For when we have had enough,  
We can gently press a button  
And the empty blast turn off.

## AN HONEST AGENT.

"I will not take a moment of your time,"  
The agent said, "but I  
Have here a preparation which I'd like  
So much to have you try."  
The busy housewife shook her head and frowned.  
"You cannot interest me,"  
She snapped in crossest tone and then she said,  
"I'm cleaning house, you see."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I'm sure  
You never will regret  
The purchase of this simple remedy—  
The best discovered yet.  
It will remove the wrinkles from your brow  
And make you young once more."  
The agent was advancing and he now  
Had gained the parlor door.

A look of darkest anger shone upon  
The housewife's dried-up face.  
She shook her fist and said, "Look here, young man,  
I'll have you know your place!  
Not once before in all my life have I  
By any one been told  
That I am wrinkled in the least, or that  
I now am growing old."

"Again I ask your pardon, ma'am, for I  
Intended no offense.  
A man you know is often lacking in  
A little common sense.  
I don't deny that you are young, of course.  
This drug, I meant to say,  
Will keep you from becoming older than  
You are this very day."

The housewife quickly seized the bottle and  
Said, "That's remarkable,  
And yet it hardly seems to me that it  
Is very reas'nable.  
If you can prove that what you say is true,  
A bottle I will buy.  
Please give me names of customers who can  
Its value testify."

"Ah, that is eas'ly done," the agent said.  
"The fifteenth of last May,  
I sold two of my largest bottles at  
The house across the way.  
Yes, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Browne both said  
My tonic must be great.  
You see to give good names I am not forced  
To lie or hesitate."

The housewife cried in tones of horror then,

“Your tonic they both tried?

Ah, that explains the reason why next day

Both of my neighbors died.”

“What better testimony do you want?”

The agent had grown bold.

“Did I not tell you that my tonic would

Keep one from growing old?”

## THOSE SALES.

I'll have to move away from town  
Or bankrupt I shall be,  
For ev'ry time there is a sale  
My wife holds up poor me.

I used to breakfast quite in peace  
Before the sales began,  
And did not realize I was  
A very happy man.

But now I must arise at six  
And help prepare the food,  
Or else in tears my wife will say  
I am no earthly good.

And then at night, when I come home,  
There is a grand display  
Of ribbons, laces, waists and skirts  
And ev'rything that's gay.

"Just see," she says, "how much I've made;  
These things that were so steep  
I bought for just half price, my dear,  
And that you know is cheap.

"I didn't need them—no, not all,  
But then you know I may,  
And it is right I should look out  
For some cold, rainy day."

Alas, that day will surely come,  
And bargains will we own,  
But when it comes to cold, hard cash  
I fear that we'll have none.

## WHEN PAPA'S SICK.

When papa's sick, it's awful at our house.  
I always want to run away,  
'Cause I don't like to keep still as a mouse  
An' hear him grunt an' groan all day.  
An' up an' down the stairs he makes us go  
'Most ev'ry second, an' then some,  
To bring him things, an' then he says we're slow,  
But we must grin an' just keep mum.

When mamma's sick, she doesn't act like that;  
She only smiles and says she will  
Be all right soon, an' then my head she'll pat,  
An' say, "You needn't be so still."  
But I just think she suffers more than dad,  
'Cause I have watched her thin, white face,  
An' I've seen wrinkles come a-creepin' sad,  
An' sit down in her smile's old place.

My papa takes the cake for makin' noise.  
Gee whiz! the way he always swears  
Is most enough to give such little boys  
As me a lot of awful scares.  
If he was pigs or hogs a-bein' killed  
He wouldn't sound a bit more worse,  
'Cause, when a house is full of screams, it's filled  
As full as it can be, of course.



An' papa is so 'fraid that he will die  
Most ev'ry time that he gets sick.  
It's queer the way he gets religion. My!  
He gets a stack of it so quick.  
But he ain't got the really, truly kind  
Like mamma's got, an' gives to me,  
'Cause, when he's well, I'm pretty sure his mind  
Ain't got no use for piety.

An' when my papa goes an' gets a chill,  
You ought to see how he can shake.  
The bedclothes look just like a little hill  
That's tremblin' with a bad earthquake.  
One day I thought I'd comfort him, an' said,  
"Dear papa, you will nevermore  
Be havin' chills, I know, when you are dead."  
I wonder why my papa swore?

## AFTER THE BALL.

How wearily she climbed the stairs  
And sighed, "I'm almost dead!  
I'm glad it's over so that I  
In peace can go to bed."

She laid her stunning hat and gown  
Upon a rocking chair,  
And then she carefully took off  
Her wealth of golden hair.

She left her eyebrows on a towel,  
And her complexion pink  
She let go whirling round the bowl  
And down the drain pipe sink.

She put her glasses in their case,  
And, on a shelf beneath,  
She laid her beautiful new set  
Of pearly, well-kept teeth.

She took her dainty slippers off  
And said, "How small I feel!  
Most of my height I left within  
That wonderful French heel."

And when she went to get in bed  
She hunted ev'rywhere,  
But could not find herself at all,  
Because she wasn't there.

LEAP YEAR.

Once more, dear maiden, yes, once more,  
The time for you is here,  
So now brace up and take new life,  
And greet this glad leap year.

If you've been slighted in the past,  
The bygones all forget,  
Since there's an opportunity  
To be a Mrs. yet.

Don't let this happy chance slip by,  
Or you will feel remorse.  
Go ask some man to take your hand  
For better or for worse.

The woods are full of men who would  
Be happy, goodness knows,  
If some old girls should seek them out  
This leap year and propose,

For they've abandoned ev'ry hope  
Of roping in good wives,  
And settled down resignedly  
To lonesome bach'lor lives.

On each new crop of pretty girls  
They've wasted precious hours,  
And spent a fortune in bonbons  
And fragrant hothouse flowers.

But after all their efforts, they  
Were turned out in the cold,  
And not to show themselves again  
Were very frankly told.

Ah, pity these forlorn old men,  
Dear women who are left,  
For many dozen times their hearts  
In pieces have been cleft.

They're on the bargain counter now,  
With prices very cheap,  
So pop the question and find out  
Why this year is called leap.

PINS.

I wonder if you've ever thought  
Tho' many thousand pins you've bought,  
Your stock is often low?  
And to your mind is it made clear  
Why all the pins soon disappear,  
Or don't you care to know?

You say you drop them at your feet,  
Upon the floor or in the street,  
But don't you wonder why  
The millions of them lost each day  
Do not obstruct the public way  
And prick the passer-by?

I often thought the matter o'er,  
But grew no wiser than before,  
In spite of all my pains.  
So I decided it was best  
To let such weighty matters rest  
With stronger, better brains.

At last an article I read,  
In which the brilliant writer said  
In words that sounded well,  
That why all pins go from our view  
Before with them we are quite thro',  
The reason he could tell.

He said when pins are left exposed  
To air, they soon are decomposed  
And to their native form return.  
Now if his statement is all right  
Upon the weather it throws light—  
Why air is sharp we learn.

## TOO SLOW FOR HIM.

"I've got no use for colleges,"  
Old Farmer Greenleaf said,  
"An' I know lots about 'em, too."  
He slowly shook his head.

"Now my son Oscar spent four years  
Away back east somewhere,  
I cannot think just where he was.  
What's more I do not care.

"He was real sensible when he  
First went away to school,  
But when he came back home again,  
He was a first-class fool,

"For when I asked what he learned at  
The university,  
He said, 'Why, dad, behind my name  
I now can write A. B.'

"I swore at him an' said, 'That's all  
The cash from me you'll get.  
I'd think by this time you could write  
The whole darned alphabet.'"

MISSIONARY WORK.

Going off to foreign countries,  
Trying heathen souls to save,  
Is a sacrifice that's noble,  
Is, of course, an act that's brave;  
Or to toil in slums and fact'ries  
With the lowly and oppressed  
Is a kind of work that brings us,  
Of results, the very best.

Yet sometimes I can't help wond'ring  
If these people ought to be  
Objects of our time and money,  
Taking all our charity;  
For the Bible emphasizes  
That the poor will win rewards,  
But the rich must be contented  
With their present earthly hoards.

And it's true that oft the wealthy  
Are more wicked than the poor,  
For their money brings temptations  
Which their souls cannot endure.  
And their many, many idols  
Made of silver and of gold  
Will at last be found quite useless  
When their funeral bells are tolled.

Heaven's gate will not admit them  
And they'll cry out in despair,  
Wishing that the missionaries  
Of their souls had taken care.  
Therefore, we should not go slumming  
Or in foreign countries roam,  
Till we've given our attention  
To the heathen here at home.



RARE, INDEED.

St. Peter looked at him and said,  
"I am surprised that you  
Should have the nerve to class yourself  
Among the chosen few.

"Why have you come to heaven's gate  
With such a hopeful face?  
Is it because you think at last  
I'll give you three days' grace?

"There is no record by your name,  
Of good deeds you have done—  
And you had ample time on earth  
For charity, my son.

"So do not try to argue here,  
Nor what I've said dispute,  
But take this shovel on your back  
And quickly shoot the chute!"

"But, sir," the young man bravely said,  
There's one thing you should know,  
And, when I tell you what it is,  
Upon my word I'll go.

"I've been a selfish man, but this  
One act my soul may save—  
Last week, upon the car, my seat,  
Up to a girl I gave."

"Come in! Come in!" St. Peter cried,  
"I'm glad to welcome you,  
For men who do such things as that  
Are nowadays quite few."

The young man added, 'neath his breath,  
"Oh, yes, indeed, they are ;  
I did it just because I was  
About to leave the car."

DANCING AND CHURCHES.

The minister who sanctions dancing  
In modern thought is far advancing,  
In spite of all the censure he receives.  
He knows old fogies all abhor it,  
That up-to-daters all adore it,  
Yet it has many virtues he believes.

He thinks that youth should have full measure  
Of innocent and healthful pleasure;  
That dancing is a splendid exercise,  
And so he sees no good objection  
To giving both his strong protection,  
Altho' he's viewed by many scornful eyes.

He is correct in his surmises  
That, if he widely advertises  
The fact his church each month will give a dance,  
The flock of sheep within his pasture  
Will seek the fold and seek it faster  
And gladly round the shepherd they will prance.

He understands that very often  
His people have no souls to soften  
And they'd prefer to linger on the street,  
If he would not some way allure them  
And by his strategy secure them  
Attraction for the soles upon their feet.

## EXCLUSIVE.

She was exclusive all her life—  
Exclusive as could be—  
But why she was nobody knew;  
It was a mystery.

Of course, some people thought she was  
Aristocratic, so  
To climb her lofty heights they were  
Thro' ice all glad to go.

But when they'd reach her pinnacle  
They'd sigh in real despair;  
In spite of their great efforts, they  
Would find so little there.

And yet they felt quite honored that  
They knew her after all;  
But it was sad to see how some  
At her command would crawl.

But when she took the smallpox then  
Her friends kept far away.  
They knew she was exclusive and  
Exclusive she could stay.

LIBERTY.

It is so diff'rent at our house  
From what it used to be,  
But I ain't kickin'—not a bit,  
Because it just suits me.

There's lots of dust upon the chairs  
And in the corners, too,  
And not a single window can  
You see the sunshine thro'.

There are great cobwebs on the walls  
The spiders all have made,  
But when the curtains are pulled down,  
They're hidden in the shade.

And in the sink the dishes are  
Piled high as Gild'roy's kite,  
For papa only washes them  
'Most ev'ry other night,

As, when he comes home from his work,  
The beds he has to make,  
And then he's spendin' lots of time  
In learnin' how to bake.

My face is dirty as can be,  
My trousers are all torn,  
And for two weeks, at least, I'm sure,  
This ragged shirt I've worn.

I have the toughest boys for friends,  
Who swear and smoke and chew,  
And when I'm with the gang, you bet,  
I always do it, too.

I used to say my prayers each night  
Beside my mamma's knee,  
But I don't say them any more,  
And I am glad—oh, gee!

Not long ago I was a boy  
Without a privilege,  
But now I do whate'er I please,  
While mamma's playin' bridge.

AFFINITIES.

Affinity is much too tame,  
We ought to find a better name  
    To give this modern animal,  
For it's as wild as it can be  
And cares not for propriety  
    And of its kind the woods are full.

It has a human form, some say,  
But made of very common clay  
    And has no sign of soul to lose.  
Perhaps that's why it feels so free  
To take unbounded liberty  
    In doing just what it may choose.

Thro' all the country now it roams,  
Destroying fast the finest homes.  
    It enters almost any place,  
For always it knows how to wear  
A harmless and a charming air,  
    Deceiving all with subtle grace.

But while it is allowed to lurk  
Around the home, it's deadly work  
    Is done. And swift it bears away,  
Unheeding prayers and tears and sighs  
And laughing at heart-broken cries,  
Its coveted and precious prey.

So men and women, it is right—  
Domestic animals can bite—  
    To watch and guard your families.  
Beware of home made blonds so sweet  
And smooth-faced grandpas whom you meet,  
    For they are oft affinities.

## FOR ART'S SAKE.

In social doings she would not  
The slightest interest take,  
For she preferred to study hard  
And practice for art's sake.

Her girlhood years all rolled away  
And she was twenty-one,  
But still she'd rather work all day  
Than have a bit of fun.

When she was graduated from  
A music school back east,  
A good foundation then she felt  
She had secured, at least.

"With this diploma now I can  
Some earnest work begin,  
I'll teach a while," she said, "and then  
I'll study in Berlin."

In just a year she'd earned enough  
To cross the ocean blue.  
For art's sake, she had labored hard  
But still had much to do.

Upon the boat she met a man  
Whose name was Arthur White,  
And on the deck they used to sit  
And watch the stars each night.

And now she still is working hard,  
And tho' she has to bake,  
And sew and wash and mend and scrub,  
She does it for Art's sake.



BELLS.

In early childhood days  
    He heard the school bells ring,  
And he disliked to hear  
    Their jing-a-ling-a-ling.  
Each week on Sabbath morn,  
    The church bells loudly would  
Remind him of the fact  
    He was not very good.  
In youth he took his girl  
    Out riding in a sleigh,  
But, oh, those horrid bells  
    Drove all his fun away.  
When wedding bells proclaimed  
    That they were man and wife,  
A lot of other bells  
    Came ringing in his life.  
The baby very soon  
    Had bells upon her toys,  
And made her papa grow  
    Quite frantic with the noise.  
He'd darkly frown each time  
    The telephone bell rang.  
He could not stand to hear  
    The street car's ugly clang.  
The door bell set him wild

Each time he heard its call,  
For he was sure that he  
Despised it most of all.  
That anything could ring  
He now felt pretty sure—  
This thought so full of pain  
He hardly could endure.  
Each time his busy wife  
To do the washing chose,  
She'd stand beside the tub  
And wring and wring the clothes.  
And almost ev'ry week  
He wrung a chicken's neck.  
No wonder that he was  
Almost a nervous wreck!  
He later wrung his hands,  
For how his heart was wrung,  
Whene'er the praises of  
His lovely child were sung.  
The poor man feared what I  
Am now obliged to tell.  
Alas, his only child  
Had turned into a belle.

THE LIMIT.

No doubt, because my wife knows how  
To decorate the dishes now,  
I ought to be full of delight—  
Instead, I've lost my appetite.

The platter is a sight to see  
For it is done so gaudily,  
And all our plates, both large and small,  
In colors bright adorn the wall.

At first she paints the flowers gay,  
And then to make the patterns stay,  
She has to fire them all. Dear me,  
It really is a mystery!

But then I'm sure I wouldn't mind  
If to the dishes she'd confine  
Her art. My faith in firing shook  
When she announced she'd fired the cook.

## THEY.

We hear about them all the time ;  
They're spoken of as "they,"  
But who they are or where they live,  
I really cannot say.

They set the fashion ev'ry year,  
And what they say is style  
The other people scramble for  
And put on with a smile.

They always know just what to do  
Out in society,  
And if we do the same as they  
It is propriety.

They tell us what late books are good  
And which are bad also,  
And if we don't read what they do,  
We are behind, you know.

They always spend a lot of time  
In gossiping each day,  
And all the people listen and  
Repeat it as, "They say."

Oh, is there no one brave enough  
To care not what they do?  
I'd like to see the person that  
Would tell them to skidoo.

THE HURRY AGE.

Why is it that the people rush about,  
As tho' by mad dogs chased,  
Afraid a minute or a second of  
Their time may go to waste?  
Down town just notice what a nervous look  
The passers-by all wear,  
And how they haven't time to stop, but pass  
Like rockets in the air.

Each morning long before the sunlight sends  
Dim rays across their eyes,  
They feel that from their downy beds they must  
In greatest haste arise.  
Their breakfasts are put out of sight so fast  
They burn their mouths and tongues,  
And very often loud explosions crack  
Their tender throats and lungs.

The men will then jump up and grab their hats  
And kiss their panting wives,  
And down the street they'll tear as if they had  
To run to save their lives.  
The whole day long they'll move about like streaks  
Of lightning that's well greased,  
And even when they start for home at night,  
Their speed has not decreased.

The women, when their husbands leave for work,  
Will churn the big dish pan,  
And wash and wipe the dishes just as fast  
As anybody can.  
Then puffing like steam engines, they will sweep  
And dust the living rooms;—  
I'm sure electric batteries could not  
More swiftly move their brooms.

The children all race off at once to school,  
Scarce taking one good breath.  
Arriving later at the school house, they  
Look almost scared to death.  
Then home again at noon they scamper fast  
And o'er each other roll,  
To see who'll get there first and then consume  
Their red-hot lunches whole.

Ah, foolish hustlers, does it pay to have  
These daily nervous shocks?  
If you are sure you haven't time enough,  
Why don't you buy more clocks?  
But if you feel that you must ever move  
At record-breaking rates,  
I hope the future generations will  
Be born on roller skates.

SANTA SPEAKS.

At last my Christmas work is done  
And my vacation has begun  
    And I can rest a bit.  
No wonder that I am all in  
And that I look so pale and thin,  
    While here alone I sit.

In madd'ning haste I have been whirled  
Around this whole gigantic world  
    Within a single night.  
A wireless message could not beat  
The swiftness of my reindeers' feet  
    O'er vales and mountains white.

And now that I can think, I sigh,  
Was ever man more worked than I,  
    Or more imposed upon?  
And not one word of thanks I'll get;  
Instead the children soon forget  
    How much for them I've done.

The million tons of mail I've read  
Have made me wish that I was dead  
    Instead of being here.  
That ev'ry little girl and boy  
Depends on me for Christmas joy,  
    The letters all make clear.

And some poor children wonder why  
On Christmas eve I pass them by  
    And leave no gift behind,  
While wealthy children far and near  
Have never had a single fear  
    That I their homes won't find.

Ah, children, even Santa must  
Be domineered by an old trust  
    Of wealthy men composed,  
And so he can't perform what he  
Should do for noble charity,  
    And often feels disposed.

Altho' I do not like the way  
The unions thrive and grow today,  
    I'll not complain, because  
To shelve old men is now the rage  
And how I'd hate, in my old age,  
    The name Ex-Santa Claus.



A DEBUTANTE.

"I soon shall be a debutante,"  
The pretty maiden sighed,  
While glancing in the mirror with  
A feeling of real pride.

"I've been away to school a year  
And traveled far abroad.  
Of knowledge, I've a smattering—  
Enough to be a fraud.

"On me, my father's spent a lot  
Of money, I confess;  
And so, of course, I ought to be  
A very great success.

"Think how embarrassed and downcast  
He'd be if I should fail,  
Since I've been advertised so much  
And offered now for sale.

"My debut is an auction and  
The highest bidder wins,  
No matter what his age may be,  
Nor what his faults and sins.

"I hope that I'll be bought real soon,  
So mother, dear, can sleep,—  
She says that remnants nowadays  
Must always go so cheap."

## COLD STORAGE.

I am a turkey, old and tough,  
Killed just five years ago,  
And it is well that people don't  
My real condition know.

For if they did, they wouldn't eat  
A single bite of me,  
And then the deuce would be to pay  
And not the butcher—see?

Altho' I look so lifeless here,  
I'm not a dead one yet,  
Because there's life enough in me  
Of many kinds, you bet.

Cold storage is all right, no doubt,  
To keep us looking well;  
What else it does for turkeys, why  
I hadn't better tell.

But you can find out for yourself  
'Most any time you choose—  
A simple little microscope  
Is all you have to use.

But then, of course, I don't believe  
It really would be right  
For you to spoil or lessen your  
Thanksgiving appetite.

SWOOPERS.

Within the theater I'll sit  
And watch the people come,  
And wonder who they are and where  
They all have landed from.

And as I'll sit there pondering  
A sudden lull I'll feel,  
While to my nose a noisy breath  
Of perfume now will steal.

And ere I've time to turn around,  
A rustle loud and clear,  
The sound waves in the theater  
Will carry to my ear.

At once upon my vision breaks  
A phantom of real style—  
A swooper, swell and swaggering,  
Goes swooping down the aisle.

She gives the audience much time  
Her loveliness to see,  
For swoopers are the side shows which  
In theaters are free.

She stands while she takes off her cloak—  
Her opera cloak so grand—  
And boldly flashes in our eyes  
The jewels on her hand.

And how she hates to take her seat—  
To vanish from our view,  
For when she sits she knows that her  
Performance is 'most thro'.

Ah, swoopers, how I pity you!  
Your work in life is vain,  
For tho' you strive so hard for praise,  
How little is your gain!

We know your clothes are fine, of course,  
Their fashion, oh, so smart,  
And all agree your pretty face  
Is one grand work of art.

But, take them from you, naught is left,  
In spite of all your pains,  
For you have advertised the fact  
That swoopers have no brains.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION.

She had no soul for music, but  
When she grew up she found  
To tell the truth about her soul  
Would quite uncultured sound.

And so she went to concerts that  
Were very classical,  
Applauding all the numbers, tho'  
She liked them not at all.

She'd often close her eyes and look  
As tho' her thoughts had soared;  
But underneath her dreamy smile  
She felt just "awful bored."

Sometimes she'd gently tap her foot,  
Or keep time with her head;  
She could not keep from doing it,  
She hoped it would be said.

And tho' the program was too deep  
For her to understand,  
When it was o'er, she'd sigh and say,  
"Oh, it was simply grand!"

But what else could she do, for all  
Her friends in scorn would laugh  
If she would tell them she preferred  
Her neighbor's phonograph.

## TO A SILK PETTICOAT.

Silk petticoat, thy voice I like to hear  
Break on the solemn stillness of the air,  
When I'm in church and kneeling down in prayer,  
For thy proud accents are so crisp and clear,  
Announcing ev'ry second thou art near,  
Proclaiming that thy owner, plain or fair,  
Thy plaited ruffles can afford to wear—  
A privilege that's known to be quite dear.  
And when I hear thee rustling down the aisle,  
A song of praise within my heart I sing.  
E'en tho' thou art put on for show and style,  
I am aware thou art a pow'rful thing,  
As thou each Sunday for a little while  
To church, thy mistress, old or young, can bring.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

Now as the autumn days have gone  
And winter's cold comes creeping on,  
My thoughts turn from the outside charm,  
Where for so long they roamed at will  
O'er red-leaf'd woodland, vale and hill,  
And dwell on means of keeping warm.

And sitting here, wrapped up in thought  
Of how much hard coal must be bought  
Before the spring time comes again,  
I can't help thinking furnaces  
Are very useful nuisances,—  
In fact they are just like some men.

They're very changeable and go  
Whichever way the wind may blow.  
To me it doesn't seem just right  
That they must be watched constantly  
And tended ever carefully  
So they will not go out at night.

They often smoke and spoil the air;  
Their pipes are scattered ev'rywhere  
Throughout the house. Their ashes lie  
Just where they fall in ugly heaps.  
To clean them up it always keeps  
Some thoughtful person on the fly.

A lot of draughts they daily need  
To keep them going, or indeed  
They lose their cheerful light.  
How many times they have to lunch,  
Tho' just some poker, chips, and punch,  
Will make the fire within them bright.

Whene'er I've seen them in the dark,  
I've noticed that they always spark.  
Their many flames make them look gay;  
And when they get down very low,  
We heap hot coals on them, you know,  
And soon like men, they are O. K.



A DAILY SCENE.

"I'll pay your fare," said Mrs. Jones,

"I have a dime right here."

"Indeed you won't," said Mrs. Smith,

"I will not let you, dear."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Mrs. Jones,

"In fact I'm going to.

There is no reason why I should

Not pay this once for you."

"Ah, thank you, dear," said Mrs. Smith.

"It's kind of you, I know,

But not a cent to anyone

Will Harry let me owe.

"Upon the other hand, I will

Pay for us both instead.

Here! Here! conductor, take my dime,

I'll pay for two," she said.

But Mrs. Jones jumped up and cried,

Quite loudly, "Don't you dare!

Conductor, take my dime at once.

I wish to pay her fare."

The women held each other's hands  
And struggled there awhile,  
Until the poor conductor went  
Collecting down the aisle.

When he was gone, said Mrs. Jones,  
"We've made a scene, no doubt,  
But we're down town already, so  
Let's hurry and get out."

And when they on the corner stood,  
They each thought, "I declare,  
I'm glad I didn't have to pay  
A cent of street car fare."

HER FATE.

Tho' hard you try, you can't avoid,  
No matter what you do,  
The death that on some future date  
Is now awaiting you.

I knew a woman once who was  
Afraid to go down town,  
Because she thought a runaway  
Might come and knock her down.

She was afraid to take a ride  
In any kind of boat  
For, if she was upset, she knew  
Her body wouldn't float.

She would not go to circuses,  
Altho' she liked a show,  
Because she thought the animals  
Might eat her up, you know.

And when electric storms would come  
She'd madly run about,  
And close the shutters and the blinds  
To keep the lightning out.

At night when she would go to bed,  
She'd toss about and turn.  
She could not go to sleep because  
She feared the house might burn.

One day her husband realized  
How poky was her life,  
And so he bought a Paris hat  
And gave it to his wife.

But when she saw the lovely thing  
She gasped and lost her breath.  
Alas, the feathers on the hat  
Had tickled her to death.

HOLD UPS.

The man who says, "Hands up!" and then demands,  
    "Your money or your life,"  
Must do his daring work at night and spend  
    The sunny hours in strife.  
He has no peace of mind at all because  
    He's likely to be caught,  
And, for committing such a crime, before  
    The court of justice brought.

Now there are other kinds of hold ups who  
    May rob in broad daylight,  
But they are never forced by fear or law  
    To vanish from our sight.  
Upon the other hand, they grow more bold  
    And let all people see  
The great impression they can make  
    Upon society.

How many lawyers cunningly defraud  
    Their clients ev'ry day,  
And with their stolen property then go  
    Undaunted on their way;  
And how the surgeons always charge for what  
    They do and do not do.  
The hold ups! How they cut up when they thrust  
    Their butcher knives in you.

And what tremendous hauls the merchants make  
Each time they have a sale!  
The prices that they charge for hats alone  
Should land them all in jail.  
And tailors are another species of  
The daylight robber we  
Allow to make our pockets empty—but  
They suit us to a T.

The dainty dentists put us fast asleep  
With gas or chloroform,  
And, while we're helpless there within their pow'r,  
Great miracles perform.  
We are surprised when we awake to find  
The teeth they've had to fill,  
But we are horror-stricken when the first  
Brings round their lengthy bill.

There are a lot of other hold ups but  
I can't name ev'ry one,  
And so I'll leave the rest of them to you,  
Since I my part have done.  
But when the last great roll is called and when  
The devil takes his due,  
He'll roast a stack of daylight thieves and thugs.  
Dear friend, will he roast you?

TO THOSE WHO SMOKE.

To me it is a funny sight  
And really quite a joke,  
To watch the men pour from their mouths  
Gigantic clouds of smoke.

As on the street they puff about,  
I think that their cigars  
Look just like little engines that  
Are pulling choo-choo cars.

And when they stand or sit a while  
And still the smoke rolls up,  
They seem like old volcanoes that  
Must ev'ry day erupt.

Oh, think how worried men would be  
And how they'd fret and fuss,  
If Nature had decreed that some  
Should be afflicted thus.

Appendicitis then would be  
A fashion of the past,  
For those who had smokitis would  
Be carved up thick and fast.

## ANCESTORS.

How much some persons like to talk  
About their family trees!  
With lots of them, I think it is  
A very bad disease.

Whenever they can get a chance,  
They'll take the greatest pains  
To tell about the noble blood  
Which courses thro' their veins.

Just count the great grandfathers who  
Were generals so brave,  
That, for the glory of their flag,  
Their precious lives they gave.

How many cousins, uncles, aunts,  
Abe Lincoln must have had;  
His poor relations, no doubt, made  
Him feel at times quite sad.

And some can trace their ancestry  
Clear back to England's shore,  
Where on the family trees are strung  
Great lords and kings galore.



It's strange the Mayflower didn't sink  
While sailing o'er the sea,  
For how it carried such a crowd  
Has always puzzled me.

But then, perhaps, it's just as well  
To let our neighbors talk,  
And put a value on their rare  
And good old family stock,

For if they didn't blow about  
Their aristocracy,  
From their appearance, we might judge  
Them common folk, you see.

## HIS GIFT.

It was the first gift he had bought  
His wife for many years,  
And so the heavy bundle made  
Her eyes fill up with tears.

She quickly tore the wrapper off  
And found a fine array  
Of articles of ev'ry kind,  
Which made a grand display.

Some shoes there were with great, high heels,  
And stockings, red and blue;  
And there were ribbons, black and white,  
And ribbons purple, too.

She found a carving knife and fork,  
A match safe made of brass,  
A lovely drawn-work doily and  
A silver looking-glass.

Some green and yellow pillow tops  
Were next to some coon songs,  
While underneath were spools of thread  
And fancy curling tongs.

And now the living room looked like  
A five and ten cent store,  
For there were dolls and books and games  
And postal cards galore.

'The wife was gravely entertaining doubts  
About her husband's head ;  
"Why did you buy such things for me?"  
She very softly said.

"Ah, if you do not like them, Jane,  
My last hopes you will wreck ;  
I didn't know what else to do  
With that old cashier's check."

## A BROKEN RESOLVE.

From worldly cares the business man  
Thought he would steal away,  
And for the first time in five years  
He'd keep the Sabbath day.

He dressed up in his Sunday best  
And walked to church quite fast,  
So he'd arrive before his good  
Intentions had all passed.

The first part of the service pleased  
Him very much indeed.  
He liked the prayers, he liked the hymns,  
He liked the church's creed.

And he began to wonder why  
He had not come before,  
Resolving in his heart that he  
Would surely come some more.

But now the minister commenced  
The church's needs to tell,  
And urged and begged them one and all  
Its dwindling funds to swell.

He mentioned that, for those who had  
Not yet secured their pews,  
A number of good seats was left  
From which they now could choose.

And then he thought that all should give  
As much as they well could  
To help the missionary work,  
Which was so great and good.

He spoke at length of many sales  
The church that week would hold,  
And said he hoped the articles  
Would ev'ry one be sold.

He also hoped the offering  
Would be real large that day,  
So that he would be able soon  
Some of his debts to pay.

And now the plate was passed around,  
While jingle, jingle, jing,  
The dollars, dimes and nickels gave  
A loud, commercial ring.

And when the business man threw down  
His piece of hard-earned cash,  
He felt his late and good resolve  
Go breaking all to smash.

"Religion of this kind," he said,  
"Fills me with much disgust;  
I'm not surprised that some don't like  
The words 'In God We Trust.'"

## UP TO DATE.

She wore a jaunty sailor hat,  
Altho' 'twas said that she  
Had lived on land for thirty years  
And never saw the sea.

Two college hat pins held it firm,  
Tho' learning she had none—  
Not even thro' the grammar grades  
Or high school had she gone.

An automobile veil she wore,  
Her freckled skin to hide,  
But in an automobile she  
Had never had a ride.

In winter time she had a pair  
Of golf gloves, bright and gay,  
But when one spoke of golf to her,  
She said she didn't play.

And tho' she did not like the men,  
Nor any of them know,  
Whene'er she walked upon the street,  
Beside her was a bow.

NO ESCAPE.

"Real happiness," said Mr. Grey,  
    "To people is unknown,  
Until they have a house and lot  
    Which are their very own.  
Now Mary, while I work today  
    I wish that you would call  
Up real estate men on the 'phone,  
    And interview them all."  
So just as soon as Mrs. Grey  
    Found that she was alone,  
She took her station in the hall  
    Beside the telephone.  
Now ev'ry man that talked to her  
    Was very sure that he  
Possessed or else could shortly find  
    Her splendid property.  
They took her number, as they wished  
    To talk to her again,  
For real estate men, ev'ryone,  
    Are quite loquacious men.  
But on the morrow just as soon  
    As breakfast was all o'er,  
The 'phone began to ring as it  
    Had never rung before.  
All morning long poor Mrs. Grey  
    Was answering the bell,

And hearing of great bargains that  
The agents had to sell.  
The real estate men's memories  
She found to be no good—  
They had forgotten she desired  
A certain neighborhood.  
She'd told them that six thousand was  
The most she could afford,  
But higher than ten thousand had  
Those earthly men all soared.  
In spite of her great protests they  
Insisted they would call,  
Because they knew they had just what  
She wanted after all.  
And soon they came in runabouts  
And automobiles gay,  
To take out riding for a while  
Unwilling Mrs. Grey.  
Now when her husband from his work  
Came home at last that night,  
He said, "Those agents, dear, have made  
My life today a fright.  
Since morning I have changed my mind.  
A home I covet not,  
Instead from one of them I'll buy  
A cemetery lot.  
To get beyond their reach, I think  
This way the very best.  
And yet, no doubt, our very graves  
Those ground hogs will infest."



CHRISTMAS JUNK.

The stores have all begun to don  
Their holiday attire;  
They're putting on attractive togs  
To tempt the Christmas buyer.

Their windows fast are filling up  
With ev'ry kind of toy,—  
Variety enough to please  
'Most any girl or boy.

The counters now are loaded with  
Great piles of Christmas books,  
And they are very brilliant ones,—  
At least they are in looks.

A lot of useless bric-a-brac,  
In colors bright and gay,  
Is waiting for the customers  
To carry it away.

Cheap tinsel by the yard is used  
To catch the passer-by,  
For, when he's caught, the merchant knows  
He will proceed to buy.

And oh, the gaudy gewgaws that  
Are ev'rywhere displayed  
Make all sane people wonder if  
By lunatics they're made.

And yet we soon will join the throng  
And spend our precious cash,  
To swell the merchants' bank accounts  
And please our friends with trash.

## MICROBES.

It is not wise to telephone,  
Because the doctors say  
That microbes, small but dangerous,  
Within the mouthpiece stay.

Library books are bad to read,  
As far as health's concerned,  
Since microbes lodge beneath the leaves,  
From wise men we have learned.

And now the time will come no more  
When loving kisses please,  
Because we're daily told that they  
Are loaded with disease.

Altho' we're dying for a drink  
Of water, cold and pure,  
We mustn't use a drinking cup,  
For it has microbes sure.

If we should fail to get a seat  
Within a crowded car,  
We'd better fall than grab a strap  
For there the microbes are.

And money, too, physicians say,  
Is almost death to touch,  
But do they practice what they preach?  
Well, I should say—Not much!

Now, if post-mortems should be held  
On doctors, we would gain  
The knowledge that these learned men  
Have microbes on the brain.

## CURTAIN CALLS.

It is well to be taken away from oneself  
And lost in the thought of a play.  
To enjoy a good laugh at the jokes which are sprung  
Will make a blue person feel gay ;  
And to weep when the heroine dies or is killed  
Is good for the young and the old,  
For it makes warm emotions swell up in the heart,  
And thaws the ice-covering cold.  
And it's right to applaud when one's pleased with an  
act,  
But clapping till both hands are red  
Always spoils the illusion that's formed in the mind  
By bringing to life all the dead.

The black villain who killed a young woman, because  
She would to her husband be true,  
And who then stabbed himself with the same gory  
knife  
And died with his heart cut in two ;  
And the husband who felt the deep pangs of despair,  
In viewing his wife's dear remains,  
And who took a revolver he found on a chair  
And punctured his foolish, old brains,—

Yes these, and more, too, will a burst of applause  
Bring up to their feet with a bound;  
With affectionate grasp they will take hold of hands,  
While bowing and scraping around.

There's a flurry of handkerchiefs, wiping wet eyes,  
A swallow of throat lumps within,  
As we keep in swift motion our hands and our feet  
And smile with an imbecile grin.  
The sad picture has vanished and gone up in smoke,  
The brushes are all that we see,  
And alas, they are mixing the black and the white  
And blurring our poor memory.  
Yet, perhaps, they're depicting a phase of real life—  
To some persons praise is so sweet,  
They would leave the bright shores of their heavenly  
homes  
A little pink taffy to eat.

## ROSES AND FERNS.

One day, when on the street I chanced to pass  
A florist's window made of clear plate glass,  
I paused and, as I saw the bright display,  
I thought one posy I must bear away.

I stepped inside and breathed the fragrant air  
And gazed on flowers round me ev'rywhere.  
My thoughts ran back to peaceful vales and hills;  
I dreamed a dream of rippling brooks and rills.

No doubt, the florist knew my thoughts had strayed,  
For not a word he said nor sound he made,  
And after I had mused a while, I chose  
A delicate, soft-blushing, little rose.

He gently took it from the others and  
He smiled and placed it in my open hand,  
And with a gen'rous air, tho' very grave,  
A lot of dainty ferns to me he gave.

\* \* \* \* \*

One night I chanced to pass a lighted hall  
And heard the dreamy music of a ball,  
And thought I'd slyly steal a single glance  
At those who lightly reveled in the dance.

A vision of rare beauty burst upon my sight;  
The strains of fairy music filled me with delight,  
And, as I drank the atmosphere so gay,  
Again my thoughts went roaming far away.

But as they roamed, a lovely maiden's face  
Smiled up at me with innocence and grace.  
I felt as tho' an angel from above  
Had filled my heart with happiness and love.

But, since I've had that maiden for my wife,  
Her hundred relatives have spoiled my life.  
My heart for liberty now sadly yearns—  
I love the rose I bought, but hate the ferns.

WORTH SEEING.

If you're a man and haven't seen  
A genuine, big sale,  
'Twill pay you well to witness one,  
Yes, do it without fail.

'Tis more exciting than a game  
Of football you'll agree,  
And prizefights aren't in it, and  
I'm sure they'll never be.

Around a little square, you'll find  
The ladies ten feet deep,  
All pushing, punching, scrambling for  
Some lace or cloth that's cheap.

And oh, the goods, the poor, poor goods!  
It's pulled and hauled and torn,  
Until it looks like some old rag  
That never can be worn.

You'll see a lady dressed in silk  
Who usually has pride,  
Competing with the negro who  
Is standing by her side.

The Irish, German, Dutch and Dane,  
The Swede and Russian Jew,  
Italians, Slavs and Indians,  
Are fighting with her, too.

Ah, yes, it's sad, but also true,  
That right here in our stores,  
Each week we have a series of  
These international wars.

## SPIRITUALISM.

Of this weird, uncanny doctrine,  
Much on both sides can be said,  
But I see no satisfaction  
In conversing with the dead.  
When the spirit leaves the body  
And attains a higher plane,  
Why should we desire to bring it  
Back to earthly woes again?

When I die and go to heaven,  
There awhile I'd like to stay,  
Without feeling that the family  
Wanted me to come away.  
If I had to be forever  
On the earth and heaven road,  
I would find a half-way station  
Where I'd take up my abode.

So when I'd receive a message  
From my relatives below,  
I could answer their queer summons  
In a way that wasn't slow.  
And if they kept on insisting  
That around them I must prance,  
I would give them all they wanted  
Of a ghostly song and dance.



I would not, like other spirits,  
On the chairs and tables tap,  
As it seems so idiotic  
On the furniture to rap.  
It is strange how many persons  
Who contented lives have led,  
Should become these constant knockers,  
Just as soon as they are dead.

And no mediums I'd talk thro',  
Tho' there was no other way.  
When they asked me for my message  
I would simply say, "Nay, nay!"  
I don't like such go-betweeners,  
Who can fall off in a trance  
Any time they take a notion  
Or are given any chance.

In this age, so fast advancing,  
It is certainly worth while,  
To abandon old-time methods,  
And to do things up in style.  
So in my communication,  
If I am allowed a choice,  
I will either send a wireless,  
Or I'll megaphone my voice.

## A MISTAKE.

A girl went to the theater  
To see a funny play;  
'Twas dark inside when she arrived,  
She could not see her way.

She slowly followed down the aisle,  
With hesitating feet,  
The dark form of the usher tall  
Who led her to her seat.

And as she went she placed her hand  
On what was prom'nent most—  
A shining round thing, smooth and hard,  
Which she thought was a post.

But, lo, it moved! And all at once  
She knew, with fear and dread,  
That she had placed her hand upon  
A poor, old man's bald head.

THE COUPON CRAZE.

We used to be a happy pair,  
My little wife and I;  
Alas, those days of bliss and peace  
Have all gone swiftly by.

I do not blame my wife, of course.  
It's not her fault at all;  
But I accuse the people who  
Have issued coupons small.

We now are eating breakfast food  
That tastes just like old hay,  
Because the firm will give a set  
Of Haviland away.

I'm daily wearing shoes which I  
Can frankly say I hate,  
But when I wear enough of them  
My wife will get a plate.

I smoke tobacco that is strong  
Enough to kill a man,  
For we are getting silver on  
That dreadful coupon plan.

I used to wear a tailored suit  
But cannot any more,  
As they are giving trading stamps  
At a department store.

I hope that soon the ministers  
Will issue coupons free,  
So when my wife to heaven goes  
She'll have a pass for me.

## KISSING THE BRIDE.

At last the ceremony's o'er  
And kissing time is here.  
See how the smiling people now  
In front of me appear.  
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!  
Smackety, smackety, smack!

I almost wish that I was not  
Tonight a blushing bride,  
For kisses coming in such heaps  
Are injuring my pride.  
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!  
Smackety, smackety, smack!

Why should they all feel duty bound  
These kisses to bestow?  
At other times they wouldn't cross  
The street for me, I know.  
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!  
Smackety, smackety, smack!

I am afraid that I will have  
Diseases now galore,  
Since doctors say that kisses hold  
Small microbes by the score.  
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!  
Smackety, smackety, smack!

But maybe all the guests will get  
Germ souvenirs from me,  
For I've had tonsilitis and  
My throat hurts dreadfully.  
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!  
Smackety, smackety, smack!

Next time that I am married then  
I'll know just what to do,  
For this outrageous process I  
Will not again go thro'.  
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!  
Smackety, smackety, smack!

I'll have a basket on my arm,  
And I will give each guest  
A candy kiss, in paper wrapped,  
And he can do the rest.  
Chew, chew, chewety, chew!  
Chewety, chewety, chew!

## WHITE LIES.

That a certain kind of lying  
Is by people known as white,  
Is no sign in my opinion  
That such falsehoods are all right.  
Call them red or green or purple,  
Call them yellow, pink or blue,  
Yet the fact remains unaltered  
That a lie is never true.

If you have a home made conscience  
That your fibbing will excuse,  
Of it, you will take advantage  
And its hardness much abuse.  
Since you feel no guilty pricking  
Of your silent monitor,  
You may think you are an angel,  
Tho' you've told white lies galore.

Ev'ry time you tell an untruth,  
Be it great or be it small,  
On your scale of soul ascension,  
One degree you're bound to fall.  
Tho' you may not pause to suffer  
For the fibs you tell each day,  
There will come a time when you must  
Debts to truth and honor pay.

Have you ever seen how freckles,  
Each one taking its small place,  
Multiply and spoil the beauty  
Of a young and pretty face?  
Just so falsehoods always weaken  
The stability of souls,  
Making them a sight ungodly  
With their large and ugly holes.

Now whenever you feel tempted  
To say words which are untrue,  
Ask yourself at once with frankness  
If such lying will pay you.  
Even tho' your lie's a white one,  
You will die some day and go  
Where it may be black in color—  
Dyeing changes shades, you know.

## A CLASSICAL COMPOSITION.

Each night when he'd come home from work  
And from the world retreat,  
He'd hear the music of the girl  
Who lived across the street.

Altho' he'd shut the windows and  
With cotton plug his ear,  
The dismal sound of "Home, Sweet Home,"  
He still could plainly hear.

He'd often grab his hat and coat  
And walk an hour or two,  
In hopes that while he was away  
His neighbor would get thro'.

But soon he found it did no good  
For him at night to roam,  
As in the end he'd always hear  
"There is no place like home."

And so at last, in deep despair,  
He said, "It's all she knows—  
To give her some variety,  
A piece I will compose."

To make it purely classical,  
He tried his very best;  
A single note was all he wrote  
And then he had a rest.



REAL SORROW.

Above a tiny coffin white  
A pretty woman wept,  
For midst the satin and the flow'rs  
Her little darling slept.

She looked around the silent room  
And sighed, "Oh, nevermore  
Will he be peeping at me from  
Behind the parlor door.

"I'll miss him at the table, too,  
Whenever I shall eat,  
But I will put some posies by  
His little empty seat.

"I cared for him so tenderly—  
I bathed him ev'ry day;  
For hours I'd watch him romp about,  
So happy in his play.

"And now my only little one  
Lies cold in death's embrace,  
While my warm tears are falling fast  
Upon his pretty face.

"A mother mourns her little child  
When it is dead, of course,  
But, oh, to lose a poodle dog  
Is ever so much worse."

## A SONNET TO A GROUCH.

Away! ye selfish, surly, sulking thing,  
Fault-finding, disagreeable, and sour!  
Back to the woods, ye pest, this very hour,  
Or into depths of utter darkness fling  
Thyself. Thy presence here no joy can bring;  
Thy ugly, drooping mouth is not a pow'r  
For good; instead to loving eyes a show'r  
Of tears is oft occasioned by its sting.  
Bathe thy cross, crabbed lips in smiles of glee  
And make amends for mean remarks they've flung.  
Yes, groaning, grumbling, growling grouch, set free  
That frown which to thy face so long has clung.  
We have no room for such a scold as ye,  
So go! or else forever hold thy tongue.

## EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

I am glad that the people are helping the clerks  
By securing their presents so soon,  
For, of course, such sweet thoughtfulness is very kind  
And to poor, tired women a boon.  
But all those, who, by practicing what has been  
preached,  
Are thus pushing the good movement on,  
Should be shown that at least the merchants approve  
Of the unselfish work that is done.

On the other hand, persons, too selfish to care  
Or too lazy a burden to lift  
And who wait till the very last moment to shop  
And to purchase their first Christmas gift,  
Are the ones who can get for their money the most,  
For the merchants will, rather than keep  
Any left-over stock for the following year,  
Always sell out at last very cheap.

So as long as the storekeepers do what's unjust  
And deserving rewards will not pay,  
Not a scruple I have about making you wise  
And in giving my methods away.  
Now I do not shop early—I haven't the cash  
To be buying when things are so dear,  
And I do not go late—before Christmas I mean—  
But I send bargain gifts each New Year.

## GRUNTERS.

There are a lot of persons who  
    'Most always are complaining.  
They really are not ill at all  
    But sickness ever feigning.

They will appear each morning with  
    A frown upon their forehead,  
With drooping lips and downcast eyes,  
    Remarking they feel horrid.

They seem to take great pleasure in  
    Their aches and pains relating,  
Not knowing that they bore you or  
    Upon your nerves they're grating.

To say, "How do you do?" to them  
    Is almost like igniting  
A great big pile of rubbish by  
    A little match just lighting.

For they will tell you how they've had  
    A touch of tonsilitis,  
Or else they'll very proudly say  
    They have appendicitis.

They always have the latest thing  
From typhoid down to sneezes,  
For there is only glory in  
The fashionable diseases.

I cannot understand, I'm sure,  
What happiness they're getting  
By wasting so much precious time  
In useless, selfish fretting.

If on a farm sometime they are,  
For health or pleasure hunting,  
They'll find that in the well-filled pens  
The pigs are also grunting.

## HIS PHOTO.

I've had my picture taken, sir,  
And brought it down to you;  
To get it put in print, no doubt,  
That's all I have to do.

I've noticed, Mister Editor,  
That it is all the rage  
To have your picture reproduced,  
No matter what your age.

You published just a week ago  
The photo of Miss Brown,  
Because she looked so pretty in  
Her stylish wedding gown.

And only yesterday I saw  
A cut of Mr. Grey  
Appear upon your title page  
Because he's gone away.

In fact, most of the people who  
Are living on our street  
Have had their photographs adorn  
Your special Sunday sheet.

So here is mine! Please print it, sir,  
And underneath just say  
I've lived here all my life because  
I haven't gone away.

FROM MARS.

Say, people of the earth, we wish you would not try  
To reach our happy world, revolving in the sky.  
We've sized you up down there, and found you second-  
class,  
So turn your telescope and let our planet pass.

You waste a lot of time in your continued quest  
Of knowledge of old Mars, so give yourselves a rest  
As well as us, for we are weary of your search—  
We'd be ashamed to be left always in the lurch!

Just spend the energy you give to vacant air  
In making something of your little earth down there.  
When you have conquered that and understand its  
laws,  
To have a bit of pride, you may perhaps have cause.

We have to laugh the way you always boast about  
Your brilliant men and their inventions daily shout.  
But ignorant indeed to others you appear—  
You're all as green as grass, compared with us up here.

It takes you centuries to see what's close at hand.  
How you can be so blind, we do not understand,  
Electric modes of work, some changes have now made,  
But think how long unknown, electric action stayed!

You call us cousins, but we'll make it plain to you  
We have no thoughts of such relationship in view.  
We do not care to have your countless bloody wars  
Transferred from earthly shores to battlefields in stars.

In this ethereal sphere, we don't propose to join  
Ourselves to people who are worshipers of coin.  
We live on higher planes than dull minds can conceive;  
Idealistic life is far too grand to leave.

Since you are made of clay, to earth you'll have to  
cling,  
For such clodhoppers we, in gutters, always sling.  
So earthy boys, let's shake and let the matter drop;  
Your minds are better on next year's potato crop.



OFFICE FURNITURE.

Some persons drudge along each day,  
Contented with their meager pay,  
And think they can't improve.  
As tho' they were compelled to be  
In one small hole continually,  
And from it could not move.

They do the work they have to do  
But have no prospects bright in view  
To give them life and hope.  
They spend the time they have for rest  
In doing what may suit them best—  
And usually they mope.

They put their pride on office shelves,  
And think they cannot help themselves,  
While they must daily toil.  
They seem to think there is no chance  
For certain persons to advance—  
Their rusty brains need oil.

But what's the use of wasting time  
On those too prosy for good rhyme—  
About them no one cares.  
They'll never rise in this great world  
Unless some bombs are quickly hurled  
Beneath their office chairs.

## WORRY.

Worry, worry, worry,  
Worry ev'ry day,  
Worry till your wrinkled,  
Worry till your gray.  
Worry when the sun shines,  
Worry when it rains,  
Worry when you're healthy,  
Worry when you've pains.

Worry is a habit  
That can be acquired,  
So you'd better get it  
If you'd be admired.  
All your friends will love you,  
When you fuss and fret,  
And your troubled visage  
They will ne'er forget.

Worry is a pastime  
For the human mind.  
Those who do not like it  
Are away behind.  
It is always pleasant  
To have future cares—  
To make all your day dreams  
Horrible nightmares.

Worry is a splendid  
Mental exercise.  
It stirs up gray matter,  
Dormant otherwise,  
Forming new ideas  
Which will give you fright,  
Tho' you'll dwell upon them  
With a strange delight.

Make your motto "Worry,"  
Worry all you can,  
For enough real worry  
Changes God's great plan.  
We were made to worry,  
Made to weep and sigh.  
Therefore, worry, worry,  
Worry till you die.

Think of all the people,  
Who are yet unborn,  
Think of all their troubles,  
Then begin to mourn.  
Think of all the struggles  
They must have in life,  
Think how they'll be falling  
In the midst of strife.

Picture all the earthquakes  
That are yet to be,  
Shiver for the victims  
In their misery.  
Know that epidemics  
Will bring much disease,  
Think how every dog must  
Have its share of fleas.

Teach your little children  
They should worry, too—  
Set a good example  
So they'll follow you.  
Tell them this whole world is  
Full of pain and woe,  
And whene'er they leave it,  
To much worse they'll go.

ONE KIND OF TRUTH.

The conductor stood and waited  
For her to pay her fare,  
But the girl seemed quite unconscious  
That he was standing there.

But at last he grew impatient  
And said, "Your fare, ma'am, please,"  
But the girl seemed not to hear him  
And still she looked at ease.

In a minute he repeated  
The words that he had said;  
Then the maiden turned round slowly  
Her proud and well-shaped head.

"Have you paid your fare?" he asked her.  
Indeed she looked surprised;  
"Why, of course I did," she answered,  
And he apologized.

But as soon as the conductor  
Was several feet away,  
To herself she softly whispered,  
"I paid it yesterday."

## THE ONLY WAY.

The doctor told the editor  
That he was all run down,  
And ought to have a little rest  
And go away from town.

He gravely looked at him a while,  
Then slowly shook his head.  
"It's exercise you need the most  
And that at once," he said.

"Your circulation's very low  
And ought to be increased.  
Why don't you play some games of golf  
Or take long walks, at least?"

The editor was sad indeed,  
His bank account was small,  
He knew he couldn't get away  
To exercise at all.

He pondered o'er the doctor's words  
And dreamed of them at night,  
Until across his darkened mind  
There fell a ray of light.

"My troubles now are gone," he mused  
"And all my worry past,  
For I have surely found a way  
To help myself at last.

"I'll send some sample copies out  
To all my friends today;  
My circulation will increase  
And I will go away."

WHICH CREED?

I have very often pondered  
O'er the soul and o'er its needs,  
And I've wondered if religion  
Should be torn up into creeds.  
But I haven't found an answer,  
And perhaps I won't until  
I have climbed the narrow pathway  
And can look back down the hill.

When I think of all the churches  
I am very much distressed,  
For there is no way of finding  
Out which one of them is best,  
As each minister is preaching  
From his pulpit Sabbath day  
That, to reach the gate of heaven,  
He can show the only way.

Yes, the Baptists have their virtues  
And they're often in the swim,  
And the Scientists are healthy,  
And the Methodists are trim.  
The Episcopalians, haughty,  
Are the leaders of good style—  
But I wonder, oh, I wonder,  
Just which doctrine is worth while?

I should hate to be mistaken  
And the wrong religion take,  
And to be informed in heaven  
That my church was just a fake.  
So I'm anxious to get started  
Soon upon a single track,  
Where there is no freight returning  
Which will bring left-overs back.

There are many pious persons  
All the churches scattered thro',  
So from closest observation  
I can't tell what's right to do.  
But to judge from the expression  
That each wears upon his face,  
I am sure that all are hoping  
To be landed in one place.

If I knew the Holy Rollers  
Had the key to heaven's gate,  
I would join my feet and forehead  
And my lungs I would inflate;  
Then I'd start myself a-rolling  
And I'd roll and roll until  
The Most High and Mighty Roller  
Would announce I'd had my fill.



THE STREET CAR HOG.

The end car seat he calmly held,  
In sweet, unconscious joy,  
While o'er his feet there scrambled in  
A woman and her boy.

"He is a street car hog, my dear,"  
The mother told her son,  
In angry tones that could be heard  
By almost ev'ry one.

The passengers were wond'ring if  
The child would understand—  
He was so young and innocent  
And held his mother's hand.

The boy looked at the great, tall man,  
And heaved a little sigh.  
"Is that the reason, ma," he asked,  
"That pork is now so high?"

## SUICIDE.

How foolish is a man to take his life,  
No matter what the cause.  
'Tis better to continue in the strife  
Than flee from it, because  
To change our present form may be for worse,  
One fact we can't avoid—  
No atom in this wondrous universe  
Can ever be destroyed.

Life is a moment in eternity,  
And tho' it's full of grief,  
There is no doubt our whole futurity  
Rests on this moment brief.  
Yes, he, who boldly snaps the brittle thread  
That ties him to this world,  
May with great agony forever tread  
The depths where he is hurled.

Your business may be growing bad of late,  
The thought be hard to bear,  
But it is best to stagger 'neath the weight  
And try to take your share  
Of trouble, with a bold resolve you will  
Not fall beneath your load.  
Push forward in your narrow path until  
You reach the broader road.

If life has lost for you all hope and joy  
And time drags slowly on,  
Because your laughing girl or bright-eyed boy  
Or wife from you has gone,  
Don't feel that you should hurry to their side,  
But stay a while and earn  
Admission to the place where they reside,  
Or you may quick return.

The silly lover who shoots off his head,  
Because he's lost his heart,  
Is better far when he is cold and dead  
Than living here in part.  
"Survival of the fittest" is the rule  
That governs life, and so  
'Tis only natural that ev'ry fool  
Should kill himself, you know.

## PRACTICAL ADVICE.

It is too bad that women folks  
Such nuisances now are,  
That all the men are having fits  
When they get off the car.

So much is said about the way  
They awkwardly alight,  
And how so many fall and give  
The passengers a fright.

But since I've thought the matter o'er  
A reason I have found  
Why women always face the rear  
When stepping to the ground.

I'm sure they do not want to fall  
A bit more than a man;  
It's simply that they like to use  
Their right hands when they can.

So, if the street car company  
The handles would arrange  
A little diff'rently, I'm sure  
There soon would be a change.

But, if to follow my advice  
The knowledge they should lack,  
They'd better put the right hand car  
Upon the left hand track.

ECONOMY IN LIVING.

"It seems impossible to live,"  
The father sadly said.  
"How can I earn the cash to buy  
My children daily bread?"

"I'm told that milk is going up,  
And higher is the meat;  
It surely is a problem now  
To get enough to eat.

"Hard coal's advancing steadily,  
And all the clothing, too;  
And now with winter coming on,  
"Whatever shall we do?"

The father slowly paced the floor  
And heaved a heavy sigh;  
"It's plain to me," he sadly said,  
"We all will have to die."

And so an undertaker he  
Consulted right away,  
And asked for decent funerals  
How much he'd have to pay.

But when he heard the awful price,  
Once more he heaved a sigh;  
"We'll have to live," he said, "because  
We can't afford to die."

## HOUSES AND CHILDREN.

This is the worstest world for little boys!  
I do not think it's right  
That we ain't 'lowed to make a bit of noise  
In daytime or at night.  
But the most worstest thing ain't that at all—  
Oh, dear me, mercy no!  
But it is 'cause we cannot get a flat  
To live in, high or low.

My pa he's tried just awful hard to get  
A house what we can rent,  
But ev'ry one we see what is to let  
For children is not meant.  
I guess them landlords always was big men.  
They stare and frown at us,  
As if we was some kind of dogs and then  
They make an awful fuss.

I'm sure I don't know what we'll do 'cause pa  
Is lookin' dreadful mad,

An' I just hate to see my poor, dear ma  
    A-whinin' round so sad.  
It's plain we cannot get no house while we  
    Three kids are still hooked on  
To ma and pa; and so the thought strikes me  
    We'd better all get gone.

I guess pa'll have to stake us out somewhere  
    To graze till we are grown,  
For I suppose that it is only fair  
    To let 'em live alone.  
If I was parents and was tryin' hard  
    To get one of them flats,  
I'd take my little kids out in the yard  
    And give 'em rough on rats.

## ACCOMMODATING.

I used to feel so bad when I  
Was punished and I'd always cry,  
    But that time now is past.  
I'd just as soon be whipped as not  
For whippings are so soon forgot;  
    They hurt just while they last.

Altho' my mother looks real sad,  
I know that she is very glad  
    When I'm a naughty boy,  
And so I try to do my part  
And say the things that sound quite smart,  
    For they give mother joy.

She'll say I'm wicked and she'll scold  
And tell me that I am too old  
    To bother her that way,  
But, when the neighbors come to call,  
She'll laugh about my capers all.  
    "He is so cute," she'll say.

And then next time I will, of course,  
Feel that I ought to act lots worse,  
    Altho' it gives me pain.  
If she wants stuff to talk about,  
I certainly should help her out,  
    And so I just raise Cain.

It's very easy to be bad  
But I won't do it for my dad,  
    Because it doesn't pay.  
He has no sense of humor, and,  
Whenever he takes me in hand,  
    I'm laid up for the day.



HIS MOTIVE.

"Some people are so stupid-like,  
They haven't got no brains.  
They haven't got enough sound sense  
To come in when it rains."

Old Farmer Greenleaf stroked his beard  
And half closed both his eyes,  
Appearing to his group of friends  
A man grown worldly wise.

"You seem to think you know it all  
And have the right to speak,  
And tell me I'm an idiot  
Because I'm larnin' Greek.

"You say I'd better larn to talk  
Good English first of all.  
That shows that ev'ry one o' you  
Have minds most awful small.

"Perhaps my grammar ain't no good,  
But you can understand  
The things what I have got to say.  
What else do I demand?

"And I propose to fix myself  
For days that are to be,  
For I believe that souls are made  
For immortality.

"And when I reach the other side  
And relatives I meet,  
I guess that my dead language will  
Get me some grub to eat."

## REFLECTIONS.

It's interesting to go down town  
And see the sights these days;  
The merchants in the windows have  
Such elegant displays.

And yet I don't believe that all  
The women folks who pass  
See what has been arranged behind  
The public looking glass.

But it's all right, of course it is,  
For how the men do hate  
To see a pretty woman who  
Has not her hat on straight.

'Tis said that women seldom think,  
But that is quite untrue;  
They have reflections on the street,  
Because—I know they do.

A CHANGE OF FAITH.

He was a dashing millionaire,  
And she a would-be swell,  
So when she met him at the ball  
She liked him pretty well.

And he in turn was quite impressed  
And often went to call;  
Quite soon he found that of the girls  
He liked her best of all.

And then one day he said to her,  
"Oh, won't you be my wife,  
And make me, dear, a happy man  
Throughout the rest of life?"

And when she told him that she would  
And that she would be true,  
He said, "There's one condition that  
I'd like to name to you.

"You'll have to leave your church and join  
The one that I call mine,  
Or this proposal that I've made  
I'd rather you'd decline."

She said, "Of course, you know I've been  
A Methodist from birth;  
Before I change, I'd like to know  
How much your offer's worth."

"I have five million in the bank  
And then much property,  
And on our honeymoon we'll spend  
A year across the sea.

"Now, won't you change your faith?" he asked,  
"The same time as your name?"  
Then with a cry of joy she said,  
"I'm willing to be game."

DISH WASHING.

If I should ask  
What work all women really hate,  
To find that task,  
Not long would I be forced to wait.  
Yes, we all know  
Dish washing is a great bugbear;  
And long ago  
It made poor housewives wish to swear.

Three times a day  
The dishes must be washed and dried  
And put away.  
Could patient Job have been more tried  
Than woman who,  
With lofty aim and cultured taste,  
Is made to do  
Such petty things, and her time waste?

Show me the man  
Who would, with willingness and grace,  
Reverse the plan  
And take his wife's dishwashing place.  
Perhaps a while  
He'd wear his new, ill-fitting yoke,  
And try to smile,  
But shortly he'd begin to croak.

He'd very soon  
Decide such work was not a snap,  
And some fine noon  
He'd take the dishes in his lap,  
And he'd commence  
To hurl them fiercely, one by one,  
Against the fence,  
Until his noble work was done.

May that time come  
When dishes we'll no longer need!  
When there'll be some  
New-fangled way ourselves to feed.  
If we just could  
Attach the mouth to a small pipe  
Supplying food,  
No dishes would we have to wipe.

Food meters then  
Would show how much each person ate.  
That's why the men  
This new improvement would soon hate.  
But when we're free  
And have secured dishwashing rights,  
We need not be  
Concerned about their appetites.

THEIR STUPIDITY.

"Come quick! Come quick!" he loudly cried,

"I want you ev'ry one,"

So upstairs all his family went—

His daughters, wife and son.

"What is it, dear?" his wife now asked,

Arriving out of breath,

"The way you screamed you almost scared

Us ev'ryone to death."

"My new gold collar button's lost,"

The husband crossly said,

While back and forth he wildly paced

With countenance all red.

"I laid it on the dresser there,

A little while ago,

But where the crazy thing has gone,

I'm sure I do not know.

"If you would have some order here

I'd find my things, I guess,

But it is quite impossible

In such a room to dress."

The daughters now upon their knees

Were looking ev'rywhere;

His wife examined all his shirts

And found it wasn't there.

The son was shaking with much care  
The covers on the bed,  
But when he'd looked thro' all of them  
He sadly shook his head.

"Oh, hurry up," the father said,  
"I can't stay here all day;  
You must think I'm a millionaire  
To waste the time this way.

"Such stupid folks in all my life  
I'm sure I never knew.  
I'd get some spectacles, I'm sure,  
If I were blind like you."

Now where that collar button was  
No one could understand,  
Until his youngest daughter said,  
"Why, it's in papa's hand!"

"Ah, sure enough," the father said,  
"But I should like to know  
Just why you didn't tell me that  
A full half hour ago."



## TEDDY BEARS.

We are demoralizing all our youth  
And adding to our cares  
By giving to our little boys and girls  
Those foolish Teddy Bears;  
We'll find out that our children will grow up  
With love for beast—not man,  
And we cannot then change their cultured tastes,  
Tho' we may think we can.

The little girl who hugs her bear and has  
No doll to dress and kiss,  
The sweetest pleasure of her childhood years,  
Unconsciously will miss.  
No vision of a future home will flit  
Across her mind while she  
Is yet a child, and fit her for the sphere  
Of her maturity.

And, when she is a woman, she will shirk  
A mother's cares and joys,  
Preferring senseless, little poodle dogs  
To loving girls and boys.  
She won't know how to sew the simplest thing,  
Because the Teddy Bear  
That used to sleep with her was satisfied  
A coat of fur to wear.

A plaything that is meant for boys as well as girls  
Young chivalry has wrecked,  
For, placed upon a level with the boys,  
The girls claim no respect.  
The foolish, little animals make both  
Alike in thought and deed.  
With what ideals can horrid Teddy Bears  
The youthful brain cells feed?

Of women who have Teddy Bears for pets  
I will not deign to speak,  
Since ev'rybody knows, of course, they are  
The weakest of the weak;  
And they in homes for feeble-minded should  
Be shut up right away,  
Where they can show the other imbeciles  
Their Teddy Bears each day.

When Roosevelt went to hunt for bears last fall  
In regions of the west,  
The reason he could find so little game  
I long ago have guessed.  
It was because our bears, more fortunate  
Than we, were given pride,  
And when their ugly images they saw,  
They all went off and died.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

I'm hidin' in the attic now,  
An' been here all the day,  
In hopes that they will take the hint  
An' throw that kid away.

If it was like some babies are,  
I wouldn't care a fig,  
But it is nothin' more nor less  
Than just a horrid pig.

It's got my mamma's hair an' eyes,  
The doctor told the nurse,  
An' it has papa's ears an' mouth,—  
Oh, what could be much worse!

I used to love my mamma so,  
But now I do not care  
To see her since that baby took  
Away her eyes an' hair.

An' it's no wonder that I'm sad  
An' sheddin' lots o' tears,  
For who could like a papa that  
Has got no mouth or ears?

That kid must be a funny sight  
With hair that's turnin' gray,  
An' with so much upon its head  
'Twon't be the kind to play.

An' with such great big ears, of course,  
He'll hear most ev'rything,  
An' with the mouth my papa had  
Much trouble he will bring.

An' now I'm trying to protect  
A very tender point,  
For I won't let that baby knock  
My nose all out o' joint.

NOT EASY STREET.

I've wandered ev'rywhere about  
And weary are my feet,  
And yet I cannot find the way  
That leads to Easy Street.

One day I thought that I was there,  
The houses looked so fine,  
And out in front, along the curb,  
Large autos stood in line.

I asked a man but he looked grave  
And said, 'Oh, mercy, no ;  
These houses and these big machines  
Are just put here for show.

" 'Tis true the people dress in style  
And many servants keep,  
But on their downy beds at night  
They cannot go to sleep.

"They sail away on pleasure trips  
To many foreign lands,  
But while they're gone their property  
Oft goes to other hands.

"They entertain their friends at clubs  
And for the time forget  
How many thousand dollars they  
Already are in debt.

"And they avoid with wondrous skill  
The men they ought to pay;—  
It is a game of hide and seek  
That lasts from day to day.

"And so tonight on Easy Street,  
My friend, you cannot lodge,  
But then, perhaps, you'd just as soon  
Stay here awhile on Dodge."

PALMISTRY.

When God made man, no doubt, He thought,  
"A noble piece of work I've wrought,

One that will breathe and think and act.  
How diff'rent than before his birth  
Will be conditions on the earth.

The human mind was all it lacked.  
This creature that I've made shall be  
A being of eternity.

Three kinds of time to him I'll give.  
The past and present can he know;  
The Future sealed is better, so  
He need not worry, but can live  
In peace from day to day."

But curiosity was made  
And in the brain cells firmly laid,  
And man became dissatisfied.  
The present time was brief, he said;  
The past was buried with the dead;  
For future time he loudly cried.  
The stars were studied with the hope  
That they would give a broader scope.

Then signs were fastened in the sky -  
By men who feigned to understand  
The meaning of the heavens grand,  
And who were not content to die  
Until they'd had their "say."

When their descendants saw the signs  
They filled in thoughts between the lines,  
    Their fickle fancies thus to please,  
And each one climbed a higher stone  
To reach the regions still unknown—

    The sweet, forbidden fruit to seize.  
And other methods, too, were found.  
Upon the daily-trodden ground,

    Appeared great palmistry.  
And all agreed that God had planned  
A revelation in each hand—

    One which would solve all mystery,  
    And lay the future bare.

Today, can you with brains believe  
That future time, God thus would leave  
    In such a very foolish place?

How oft He'd have to change the code  
Of signs as we ascend the road

    Of life. I wonder how we'd trace  
The route of touring cars or what  
Would be the sign we'd have or not

    A speedy airship for our own?  
And since not now "In God We Trust,"  
Will palms reveal when banks will bust  
    And cashier's checks be quickly sown,  
    Like sunflow'rs ev'rywhere?



## PUBLIC MANNERS.

When I'm down town, I notice how  
    Ill-mannered people are  
Upon the street, within the stores,  
    And oft inside the car.  
Because they do not know one or  
    That pleasure soon expect,  
They think they are not duty bound  
    To treat one with respect.

They crowd past strangers on the street  
    And push them clear aside,  
Not caring if they hurt poor feet  
    Or wound another's pride.  
They do not say, "Excuse me" nor  
    Appear as if they'd done  
A thing they should be sorry for—  
    They merely hurry on.

Of course, in winter it's all right  
    For offices and stores  
To strain the January air  
    By means of great storm doors,  
But they should also put up signs  
    In some conspicuous place,  
"It's very rude to slam a door  
    In anybody's face."

In boarding street cars have you not  
Seen how the people push  
To be the first to get inside  
And for the best seats rush?  
And now and then I've seen tired men  
Give seats to women who  
Would plant themselves within the space  
Without the words "Thank you."

Now these same people, no doubt, have  
Good manners stored away,  
But see no use displaying them  
In public ev'ry day.  
But they are making great mistakes,  
For manners are like cloth  
Which needs exposure to the air  
To keep away the moth.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

"Now we must have some music,"  
The hostess sweetly said,  
When with some good refreshments  
Her company she'd fed.  
"Dear Miss DeFray,  
Won't you please play?"

But Miss DeFray, so modest,  
Said with a bashful smile,  
"I am all out of practice  
And have been for some while,  
So really I  
Don't want to try."

The hostess turned serenely  
Around to Mr. Wing  
And said, "Now, Charlie, won't you  
A pretty love song sing?  
Your voice so clear,  
We'd like to hear."

But Mr. Wing said, "Really,  
I'd love to sing, of course,  
But I can scarcely whisper—  
You see, I'm very hoarse.  
This whole past week  
I could not speak."

And now the charming hostess  
Addressed her cultured niece,  
"You will, I know, Adalia,  
Give us a little piece

*HOME MADE JINGLES*

Of music, dear,  
Since you are here."

"Oh, auntie, no, I cannot—  
I do not play at all  
Without my music, since I  
The notes cannot recall,  
But if I could,  
I gladly would."

So, one by one refusing,  
Like sticks the guests all sat.  
No wonder that the hostess  
Knew not where she was "at."  
She rubbed her head,  
"Dear me," she said.

But suddenly, quite happy,  
She gave a merry laugh,  
"All right," she said, "I'll have to  
Get out the phonograph,  
And very soon  
We'll have a tune."

She quickly fixed the record.  
Then sat down, feeling proud.  
The phonograph was whirring  
But now in accents loud,  
A deep voice rolled,  
"I have a cold."

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

Thro' all the lovely autumn eves,  
He raked his front yard full of leaves.  
He piled them by the garden gate  
And thought he'd have a bonfire great.

And when at last the trees stood there,  
Of all their summer clothing bare,  
On one cold, bleak October night,  
He thought the stack of leaves he'd light.

But round and round the pile he paced  
And said, "It is a shame to waste  
What might perhaps taste very good  
When made into a breakfast food.

"I've eaten stuff that I know must  
Have been prepared from old sawdust,  
And so I see no reason why  
Another make I shouldn't try."

And all the leaves he now took in  
His undertaking to begin;  
For many hours he worked until  
They'd all passed thro' the coffee mill.

Some brown molasses, thick and slow,  
He poured upon them all, you know,  
And little chunks of butter, too,  
His ground-up leaves he scattered thro'.

He put them in the oven then  
And while they baked he paced again.  
He gave a loud and happy shout,  
When pretty soon he took them out.

He said, "I guess I have the goods!  
It looks just like all breakfast foods,  
And with rich cream and sugar sweet  
'Twill be delicious stuff to eat."

Upon the market soon he placed  
The old dry leaves he wouldn't waste;  
"Whatizit" was the name he chose,  
But what it is, nobody knows.

NAMING THE BABY.

It seems to me that ever since  
    To this old house I came  
They have spent every minute in  
    Deciding on my name.  
My mother cries, my father swears,  
    My grandpa groans about,  
And grandma sits beside the fire,  
    The whole day in a pout.

My aunts come in and say I'm sweet  
    And each one will suggest  
The name she thinks I ought to have—  
    The one that suits her best.  
My uncles all opinions have  
    Quite diff'rent from their wives,  
And such great quarrels will start up,  
    I tremble for their lives.

And friends and neighbors ev'ry day  
    Around my cradle stand,  
Repeating many times the names  
    Which sound to them so grand.

And now some business men down town  
Are added to the list  
Of persons who have made me long  
To use my doubled fist.

Yet after all the hours of talk  
And endless, cross disputes,  
They cannot find a single name  
That ev'rybody suits.  
Now I should be delighted if  
This nonsense they would quit,  
For if they'd stop just where they are  
I always would be "it."



DO IT NOW.

He often would procrastinate,  
Until he took the vow,  
That he would follow faithfully  
The motto, "Do It Now."

So after many years had passed,  
He said, "It is strange how  
I have improved since first I said  
I'd always do it now."

One day he met a pretty girl  
With intellectual brow;  
He thought, "Some day I will propose—  
I think I'll do it now."

But when the honeymoon had passed,  
He didn't like his frau;  
And then he said, "I'll be divorced;  
Ah, yes, I'll do it now."

But afterwards his conscience would  
No peace of mind allow.  
He said, "I'll drown myself next week—  
In fact, I'll do it now."

## POST CARDS.

For six long months my wife and I  
Across the sea were touring,  
And many kinds of hardships we  
Were ev'ry day enduring.  
And several times while over there  
My life I felt like ending,  
Because my wife annoyed me so  
By foolish postals sending.

We had a list ten miles in length  
Of friends who were collecting  
And who from ev'ry place we went  
New post cards were expecting.  
My frenzied brain with all those names  
Is still today oft teeming,  
And on my pillow ev'ry night  
Of post cards I am dreaming.

When people ask about our trip,  
Away I feel like going,  
Because I am quite sensitive  
About my friends all knowing  
How little of our foreign trip  
Within my mind is staying,  
Since "We must buy some postal cards,"  
My wife was always saying.

While other tourists in our crowd  
From us each day were fleeing,  
Because the side attractions they  
Were anxious to be seeing,  
We'd be shut up in some small shop,  
Our bending necks both aching,  
Selections of gay postal cards  
For friends at home fast making.

How many times we missed our train  
Would shame me in the telling.  
Much louder than the engine's toot  
Would be my wife's cross yelling,  
"We cannot go away from here  
Without more post cards getting;  
There still are many persons whom  
You seem to be forgetting."

And often I would go to bed  
My insides loudly rumbling,  
Accompanied by the dismal sounds  
Of sighs and groans and grumbling,  
As meals upon our hurried way  
We were forever losing,  
And all because some postal cards  
My wife and I were choosing.

Some books of travel now I've bought  
And o'er them I am poring,  
For I should like to know the names  
Of countries we were touring.  
But as I read I often jump  
And grab my hat, loud crying,  
"We'll have to hurry up for we  
More post cards must be buying."

GUMOLOGY.

If there's one thing that pleases me  
More than aught else I know of  
It is to see the girl who makes  
Her mouth and jaws a show of.

The girl, I mean, who always has,  
No matter what she's doing,  
A wad of gum within her mouth,  
Which she is always chewing.

I like her, for I know that she  
In other faults is lacking;  
She has no thought for other things  
While both her lips are smacking.

When she is sitting in the car,  
She makes a fine impression;  
She looks so very innocent  
With such a blank expression.

And always in department stores,  
While over goods I'm picking,  
It helps me greatly in my choice  
To hear the clerk's mouth clicking.

So here is to the girl who chews  
On land or on the ocean!  
We owe her much, for in her mouth  
We find perpetual motion.

## HIS FAMILY.

His wife had gone a-sailing  
Across the summer sky,  
And as the airship vanished  
Had waved to him good by.

His daughter was a-touring  
The state in her machine,  
And for a week or over  
Her home she had not seen.

His son had gone a-spinning  
Along the river side  
Upon his motor cycle,  
Which was his greatest pride.

The father sat a-rocking  
The baby on his knee  
And thought, "That little go-cart  
Is all that's left for me."

HIS EXHIBIT.

The bach'lor deeply sighed and said,  
    "I lead an empty life ;  
The horse show comes next week and I  
    Have neither horse nor wife.

"I'd like to go, upon my word,  
    But I would be called slow,  
Unless I had some finery  
    To make a little show."

At last the auditorium  
    Threw wide its pond'rous doors,  
And soon around the wall there were  
    Fine hats and gowns by scores.

The bach'lor, too, was there, and all  
    The people wisely said  
The lady who beside him sat  
    In style and richness led,

For ev'ry one looked at her gown,  
    With jewels covered o'er,  
And at her hat—a larger one  
    They had not seen before.

The bach'lor sat and waited till  
    The crowd had homeward gone,  
And then he picked up, in his arms,  
    His lady, and moved on.

"Now I'm convinced," he softly said,  
    "That clothes are all they see,  
And so this dummy that I bought  
    Is wife enough for me."

## THE VALUE OF POVERTY.

Have you not noticed how the greatest men  
All claim that they were one time poor,  
And how they boast about the hardships which  
Their poverty made them endure?  
They cannot paint the pictures of their homes  
In shades too dull and dark and cold  
To suit the public and to make themselves  
Brave heroes now when they are old.

'Twould not sound well for them to tell how they  
Were reared in homes of wealth and ease,  
Where they had all advantages and could  
Go where and do just what they'd please.  
They know we'd give no credit to the man  
Who was by parents always pushed,  
Who'd traveled many times around the world  
And was thro' school and college rushed.



Altho' I think the poor man's son, who was  
Compelled to spend his youthful days  
In struggles for himself, does not deserve  
Such credit nor such public praise  
As does the rich man's son who tries to reach  
The lofty heights of real renown,  
Since from the hillside where he climbs he must  
Temptations numerous cast down.

However, boys, if modern fame you would achieve,  
Seek poverty without delay;  
No admiration you'll receive until  
From father's wealth you turn away.  
Or else go down among the slums and take  
Of some poor home a small snap shot  
And call it yours when you're renowned, or you  
Will be appreciated not.

## A DISHONEST GROCER.

One time there was a grocery man  
Who sold good things to eat,  
Whenever he would have a chance,  
His customers he'd cheat.

His scales were fixed so that they would  
Give much less than a pound,  
And people who bought twelve good eggs  
Eleven old ones found.

When any one to him complained,  
The grocery man would sigh  
And say: "I am an honest man,  
Than cheat I'd rather die."

The people, thinking him sincere,  
Did not cut off their trade,  
Until at last the grocery man  
Within his grave was laid.

An epitaph upon his tomb,  
By customers was placed,  
And it's there yet if it has not  
By weather been erased.

It reads: "Here lies John Peterson,  
Dishonest thro' and thro';  
His victims hope the devil will  
Give him a short wait, too."

JUST THE THING.

"Photographer, I've spent much time  
In fixing for my pose,  
For, tho' I am not in my prime,  
To look young I propose.  
As ev'rybody knows,  
The people who have reached my stage  
Are anxious to conceal their age  
When pride within them flows.

"This is my daughter's party dress  
Which she said I might wear.  
It's rather gay, I must confess,  
But then I do not care.  
And I have curled my hair,  
Altho' I've always worn it straight,  
I thought I'd be clear up-to-date  
And have a stylish air.

"I hope you'll make my hair look black,  
You see it's almost white.  
If you can't bring the color back  
'Twill be an ugly sight.  
And then you musn't slight  
My neck and arms, which now are bare,  
But make them look real plump and fair;  
Put wrinkles out of sight.

“Now I will make it worth your while  
To give me youth and grace.  
Please try your best to make me smile,  
For I’d be in disgrace  
To have the slightest trace  
Of this deep frown I’ve always worn  
My costly photograph adorn,  
And spoil my made-up face.”

The camera man seemed lost in thought.  
At last he shook his head—  
“Such miracles today cannot be wrought,—  
The time for them has fled.  
But I have here,” he said,  
“A kind assistant, young and fair,  
With dimpled cheeks and coal black hair,  
Who’ll pose for you instead.”

HIS BOAST.

"I've written much for magazines,"  
The would-be writer said,  
"And sketches for the papers, too."  
He proudly tossed his head.

"I wrote two stories just last week  
For Munsey, don't you know,  
And to McClure's a poem I  
Sent just a week ago.

"And Harper's I have written for  
A dozen times at least;  
Some articles I'm writing now  
For papers in the east.

"My friend, I am the author of  
A dozen novels, too.  
My last book has a splendid plot,  
Which I am sure is new."

"What works of yours are published, sir?"  
Was asked when he had done.  
The young man blushed a crimson red  
And softly answered, "None."

## POLICY.

Each Sunday he stood up and told  
His congregation how  
They ought to cling fast to the truth  
And ought to do it now.

He said it was a wicked sin  
To tell the smallest lie,  
And that they all would suffer for  
Their falsehoods by and by.

The people then would leave the church,  
With faces sad and long,  
For ev'ryone could well recall  
A time he had done wrong.

And they would all resolve at once  
To lead a better life,  
To tell the truth, whate'er it cost,  
No matter what the strife.

But one day Browne, a wicked man,  
A miser, too, and mean,  
Was taken sick and on the street  
He nevermore was seen.

And at the church his funeral  
Was very large and swell,  
And ev'rywhere the flowers made  
A sweet, ethereal smell.

And now the minister stood up  
And gently on the bier  
He let flow from his downcast eye  
An artificial tear.

He said how sad it was to lose  
A man so good and true,  
For such great, noble hearts as Browne's  
Were certainly quite few.

The people wondered how he could  
Face them with such a lie,  
And it occurred to them that he  
Would suffer by and by.

But though not one of them approved  
Of such hypocrisy,  
They smothered all their sentiments  
For it was policy.

## NOBODY CARED.

Each day the gard'ner passed the house  
And called as he passed by,  
"Oh, canteloupe! oh, canteloupe!  
Oh, canteloupe!" he'd cry.  
The children on the street would then  
Take up the loud refrain,  
And "Canteloupe, oh, canteloupe!"  
Would sound and sound again.  
At last the man within the house  
His usual patience lost  
And with an oath, upon the floor,  
His morning paper tossed.  
"Look here," he yelled in angry voice,  
"You do not think I hope  
That anybody cares a rap  
Because you can't elope?"



BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is all right for children,  
And it's mighty nice for mas,  
But it is a horrid business  
For the poor, hard-working pas.  
Yes, the men folks have to pay for  
All the nicknacks and the toys,  
If they want to keep the love of  
Their dear wives and girls and boys.

I am thankful for the kisses  
That I'm getting these cold nights,  
For they come in such profusion  
That they pay for bygone slights.  
It is nice to find my slippers  
Warm as toast beside the grate,  
And to get no word of scolding  
If I make the dinner late.

But the mornings, oh, the mornings,  
When I start to go down town!  
If I don't shell out the dollars,  
I am glared at with a frown.  
Yet, as soon as in my pockets,  
Both my hands are out of sight,  
All my family will hug me  
And will say I am all right.

I am forced to go out shopping  
With my wife and then with Sue,  
Then with Lottie, Fred, and Lucy,  
And with Johnnie, Joe and Lou.  
They all want to have my judgment  
They will very sweetly say,  
And I let them keep on thinking  
I was born just yesterday.

There are aunts and there are uncles,  
There are cousins without end.  
Oh, the relatives and neighbors!—  
Ev'ry one is now a friend.  
But there is no use protesting;  
I must grin and do my part,  
Or my wife will call me "miser"  
And insist I have no heart.

I am very glad that Christmas,  
With its talked-of mirth and cheer,  
Doesn't have the fault of coming  
More than just once ev'ry year.  
And while Christmas bells are ringing,  
I will then express relief;  
I will blow a trumpet loudly  
On my annual handkerchief.

THE UMBRELLA PLANT.

Umbrellas are the hardest thing  
For me to keep on hand,  
And where they go I can't explain,  
I do not understand.

So when the florist told me that  
Umbrella plants would grow  
Umbrellas by the dozen, why  
I purchased one, you know.

I put it in the garden and  
I watered it with care,  
Expecting ev'ry day to see  
Umbrellas growing there.

And sure enough when winter came—  
I know you'll be amazed—  
By actual count I found that ten  
Umbrellas I had raised.

## A PSALM OF MONEY.

Tell me not with groans and sighing  
That a panic's in the air,  
For there is no use denying  
It is nothing but a scare.

Money's coming, money's growing,  
And the poor farm's not our doom,  
Hence, there is no object throwing  
Over us this horrid gloom.

Not great riches and not needing  
Is the outcome of today,  
So cheer up and go on leading  
All your friends to be more gay.

Tears are sad and grief's depressing,  
But some hearts are made of lead,  
And oftimes black shrouds we're pressing,  
For our loved ones not yet dead.

In the present money pinches,  
In the golden eagle fight,  
Do not be the one who clinches  
Ev'ry copper cent in sight.

Trust the bankers, e'en tho' failing,  
Let them have your cash a while,  
Spend the dollars you are nailing,—  
You'll get for each inch a mile.

Lives of millionaires remind us  
It is good to have much gold,  
But we have to leave behind us  
All our wealth when we are cold.

Our wealth that perhaps another  
Claiming that he is an heir  
Or a loving, long-lost brother,  
Will be sowing ev'rywhere.

Let us then be up and spending  
With a smile for those we pass,  
Sometimes giving, sometimes lending,  
Let the panic go to grass!

## PRICE MARKS.

Merchants, merchants, don't you know  
That we're on to you?  
Don't you think we understand,  
Little tricks you do?  
Tho' to fool us ev'ry day  
You, no doubt, take pains,  
Give us credit, dry goods men,  
For possessing brains.

When you advertise that goods  
Now must be sold cheap,  
We know that a harvest you  
Never fail to reap.  
We're not taken in by sales,  
Not a single bit,  
As you would not undersell  
For our benefit.

There are prices on your goods—  
Usually just two;—  
One is meant to be the old,  
And the other new.

Yes, the former one is high  
And the latter low ;—  
Wonderful how you can slash  
All your prices so !

If you really would reduce  
As you'd have us think,  
Deep into a hole you would  
Very quickly sink.  
So don't waste your time, dear sirs,  
This way any more,  
Tho' it's easy to make tags  
Just the day before.

## THE NEW YEAR.

Happy New Year, men and women,  
Happy New Year, girls and boys!  
Let me wish you all sincerely  
Twelve months brimming full of joys.  
May new hopes and aspirations  
Stir within your hearts today,  
Scaring last year's disappointments  
From your memories away.

Turn around and face the sunshine  
With its constant warmth and cheer,  
Firm resolving you will seek it  
Ev'ry day throughout the year.  
Clouds which darken your horizon,  
While you're gazing toward the light,  
Are collections of thin vapor  
Which will soon drift out of sight.

Let unselfish love for others  
Prompt you oft to noble deeds:—  
Flowers blooming by the roadside  
Are more beautiful than weeds.



Thro' life's mazes we all wander,  
Many stumble as tho' blind,  
So a helping hand be often  
Stretching forth to lift mankind.

May this New Year be much better  
Than the other years you've passed;  
Let it be a strong foundation  
Built to hold your future fast.  
Use enough good bricks and mortar  
So your edifice won't shake,  
When the earth begins to tremble  
With a San Francisco quake.

## FREE ADVICE.

He had a horrid cold that day,  
But went down town to work,  
For, tho' he felt just terrible,  
No duty would he shirk.

Upon the street he met a man  
Who very kindly said,  
"Just take a good, hot bath tonight  
Before you go to bed."

Around the corner then he saw  
His cousin, Mr. Wade,  
Who told him he must surely drink  
Some red-hot lemonade.

His partner in the office said,  
"That cold to you will cling,  
Until you try my remedy,  
Which is a whisky sling."

The young stenographer turned round  
And said, "I think it's best  
To put some lard and turpentine  
Tonight upon your chest."

At once the office boy looked up  
And said, "I know what's fine.  
There's nothing that will help you, sir,  
More quickly than quinine."

And now a client wandered in,  
"You have a cough—Oh, my!  
If I were you, I'd hurry up  
And take some rock and rye."

And thus it was the whole day long.  
The cures came thick and fast,  
And he was glad when it was time  
To go out home at last.

His pockets were all bulging out  
With bundles, large and small,  
For, as each remedy was good,  
He thought he'd try them all.

And since that night, he's never had  
A cold and never will,  
For he is lying peacefully  
At rest in Prospect Hill.

## BLUE SUNDAYS.

You may talk about your Sundays  
Being blue for men who are  
Kept from riding on a trolley  
And from buying a cigar.

You may blow about the city  
Having taken this good streak  
In forbidding down-town labor  
On the first of ev'ry week.

Ah, but how about the women,  
Have you thought of their toil yet?  
They're the ones who break the Sabbath  
And this fact please don't forget.

They would much prefer to linger  
In the parlor with a book,  
But they have to haunt the kitchen  
And the Sunday dinner cook.

Yes, and often, very often—  
It is sad, I must confess—  
They are asked to pause while cooking  
And their husbands' trousers press.

Then again up in the bath room  
They must break God's holy rule,  
If they want their Neds and Susies  
To look nice in Sunday school.

And perhaps the tiny stockings  
Have great windows in the toes,  
Or a handkerchief is lacking  
For some darling, little nose.

But the patient, weary mothers  
Go on smiling with their work,  
For not even on the Sabbath  
Would they any duty shirk.

They look forward to the evening,  
When the children are in bed,  
To a little bit of pleasure  
When the papers can be read.

But now that will be denied them  
If the men down town don't go,  
For they'll have to spend their leisure  
Entertaining them, you know.

So in speaking of blue Sundays,  
Please consider women most.  
As to men, who cause all trouble,  
Let them have their Sunday roast.

## KNOWLEDGE.

Life is too short to spend so many years  
In quest of learning.  
Hence, it is time that from the old hard paths  
We now were turning.  
How empty are the baby's brains when on  
His journey starting.  
What toil it takes to fill them up—and soon  
With them he's parting.

Thro' all his childhood's fleeting days, at school  
He must be working,  
Receiving punishment, if any task  
He would be shirking.  
And after four years of his precious youth  
At college spending,  
He knows that even then 'neath wisdom's weight  
He is not bending.

He must forever dig the stony paths  
He would be trodding,  
And keep his eyes turned from the sun while he  
Is always plodding.  
And when at last he feels his weary life  
From him is going,  
He sighs to think he must pass on without  
More knowledge knowing.

Since many brilliant scientists this age  
Is now possessing,  
'Twould be to all humanity a great  
And wondrous blessing,  
If in some little tablets they would put  
The germs of knowledge,  
So that they'd be a substitute for work  
At school and college.

Ambitious people then would surely have  
Some time for resting,  
And they would now and then, perhaps, indulge  
In harmless jesting.  
I'm confident that all the newly rich  
Would be quite willing  
To buy and swallow little polished pills  
Of grammar filling.

## A SCORCHER.

It's true that scorchers have great sport  
In whizzing down the street,  
And scaring half to death the men  
And women whom they meet.

They go so fast that who they are  
It's pretty hard to tell,  
And all they leave behind for us  
Is just that horrid smell.

But never mind, the time will come  
When they will sorry be  
For tearing down the steepest hills  
With such rapidity.

So we won't try to roast them here ;  
It's not worth while, you know,  
But let them keep it up until  
They're scorching down below.



A QUESTION.

I'd like to be a scientist,  
    Indeed I really should,  
But when it comes down to the point,  
    I don't suppose I could.

It's not because I don't believe  
    That what they say is true;  
But it's because I can't perform  
    The miracles they do.

One time I had a bad toothache  
    That lasted all the day,  
And tho' I said it didn't ache,  
    It wouldn't go away.

I've had the rheumatism bad  
    And suffered much with pain.  
Whene'er I said it didn't hurt,  
    I said it quite in vain.

And now I have a cold or grippe,  
    If that name pleases you,  
And tho' I tell you I am well  
    It is a fib—ki-choo!

So, like dear old George Washington,  
I cannot tell a lie;  
I'd rather suffer pain on earth  
Than later when I die.

You see I'm from Missouri and  
Some things they'll have to show  
About their scientific church  
Which I should like to know.

If mind is all and matter's naught,  
As by them I've been told,  
What is the matter when all mind  
The matter when it's cold?

UNMASK!

Unmask, for it is New Year's eve;  
The old year is departing.  
Uncovered, squarely face yourself,  
Before the new year starting.  
If you're ashamed of what you see  
Beneath the coat of varnish,  
It's time to take a scrubbing brush  
And rub off all the tarnish.

Unmask, while you are given pow'r,  
To do your own removing,  
For while you breathe the breath of life,  
You ought to be improving;  
Review your past with careful thought,  
Your good and bad deeds weighing,  
And ask yourself if your career  
Is worth the price you're paying.

Unmask, for it's the proper time  
To give your soul inspection,  
And when you know what it requires  
Give all its needs reflection.

If it has been abused this year  
Don't waste tonight in sorrow,  
But grit your teeth and say, "I will  
Begin new life tomorrow."

Unmasked, experience the new  
And self-respected feeling,  
And notice all the noble thoughts  
Within your bosom stealing.  
You may feel weak at first if you've  
Had deviled ham for diet,  
But you'll grow strong quite rapidly  
On angel food—just try it.

## BRAIN FOOD.

When I consider what great books there are  
And what grand thoughts they all contain,  
The knowledge that they now are seldom read  
Oft makes me sad and gives me pain.  
Of course, on all well-stocked library shelves  
They occupy a certain space,  
But oh, how long a time they have to wait  
Before they're taken from their place.  
Most persons do not know the benefit  
And joy they would derive, if they  
Would spend a little portion of their time  
In reading good books ev'ry day.  
Just as the body needs its exercise  
And wholesome food of ev'ry kind,  
So ought much time and care be given to  
Developing the human mind.  
If brains could be exposed to view instead  
Of being hidden far inside  
The head, in moulding our grey matter we,  
No doubt, would take more pains and pride.  
We'd be ashamed to let our neighbors see  
The poor, diseased, and crippled state,  
Our brains were in. We would the shrunken cells  
With literary breath inflate.  
Those who had mental indigestion caused  
By latest novel diets might  
Take Shakespeare tonic for a while at least  
To stimulate their appetite.  
They'd see the fatal, weakening effect,  
They'd realize how minds were hurt,  
By giving them so much newspaper hash  
And spicy magazine dessert.

## TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

Transmigration of souls is an old-time belief  
Held by persons in ancient days schooled,  
But today it is lightly passed over and oft  
By great scientists much ridiculed.  
Tho' there's much in the doctrine that I don't believe,  
The essential rule strikes me as true—  
I'm convinced that the characteristics of man;  
The low animal stage have passed thro'.

Now some persons I'm sure were at one time old cats.  
Of their presence you cannot lose track,  
For, altho' you may drop them again and again,  
You know well they will always come back.  
And the persons who spend all their life on the road  
And from trunks cannot shake themselves free,  
Are as awkward and restless when in their own homes  
As an elephant ever would be.

I have often seen women with manners so sly  
That I've thought they resembled a fox,

And the ladies who make grand displays of their  
clothes

Are a species of lovely peacocks.

And the maiden so pretty, yet modest and shy,

Who will sometimes skip off when you're near,  
Oft impresses the men with the fact she's a prize,  
But they soon will find out she's a deer.

And right on down the line, you can trace the descent  
Of the soul from its animal stage,

Until now it's arrived in its present day form

And enjoying the life of this age.

Let me add, if you do not believe what I've said,

You can prove it yourself in this way—

Just name over your friends, who at one time, were  
geese,

And are monkeys, yes, big ones, today.

## AFFECTATION.

I have wondered as I've watched them,  
Who some persons think they are,  
For their manners, so affected,  
Give my nerves a painful jar.  
They seem trying to impress one  
Ev'ry time they make a move,  
That they're charming or attractive,  
But this fact they'll have to prove.

For those, liking imitations,  
Persons of this stamp will do,  
But such open counterfeiting  
Is admired by very few.  
When I buy a silver teaspoon,  
I search for the sterling sign,  
For tho' it is nicely plated,  
I don't want cheap goods for mine.

When I see a woman smiling  
With a smile that's not her own,  
I desire to gaze upon her  
Sometime when she is alone.  
For I'd really like to see her  
When she is her natural self,  
After she has laid her manners  
With her false hair on a shelf.



I should like to put a question  
To my readers, near and far—  
Why do people when they're airy  
Hate the little letter R?  
Those who used to knife their pie crust  
Now speak of a knife and "fo'k."  
Would they have us think, I wonder,  
They were "bo'n back in New Yo'k?"

Yet I can't help feeling sorry,  
And my heart with pity melts,  
When I see a person striving  
To be like somebody else,  
For it is a proof he isn't  
Blessed with very much real pride,  
Or he wouldn't show so plainly  
That himself he wants to hide.

## GOING, NOT GONE.

The neighbor rose and said, "I think  
It's time for me to go ;  
I've stayed much longer than I had  
Intended, don't you know."

"Oh, do sit down," the hostess said,  
"It's early yet, my dear ;  
I haven't seen you for so long,  
Altho' you live so near."

"I know it is a shame that I  
Am not more neighborly,  
But I have so much work to do—  
I sew continually."

"Oh, yes, indeed, I know you do,"  
The charming hostess said,  
While thoughts of dinner yet to cook  
Went chasing thro' her head.

"But when you're here, you ought to stay  
At least a little while ;  
Now do sit down and talk some more,"—  
She smiled her sweetest smile.

The neighbor had already moved  
A little toward the door,  
But looked more stationary than  
She had appeared before.

"I'd like to stay," she said, "but I  
Must tear myself away ;

I'll come again, dear Mrs. Brown.  
Perhaps, next week I may."

"Why won't she go?" the hostess thought,  
"Already it is late;  
I wonder how much longer she  
Intends to stand and wait?"

The neighbor then went on to say  
How often she had planned  
To call, but where the time had gone  
She could not understand.

Then Mrs. Brown grew desperate  
And said, "Dear Mrs. White,  
I'd really love to have you stay  
And dine with us tonight."

A frightend look now glistened in  
The caller's pretty eyes—  
"Is it so late as that?" she asked  
In evident surprise.

"Why, really, now, since you insist  
Upon my staying here,  
Your invitation I'll accept,  
Altho' I ought not, dear."

Then with a happy, little smile,  
Dear Mrs. White sat down,  
While to the kitchen, in posthaste,  
Went angry Mrs. Brown.

## NOT FOR ME.

I hate to think that women  
Are fools about their clothes,  
And yet it is a fact that  
Most ev'rybody knows.  
Dame Fashion has assurance  
Her smallest whim we'll heed  
And that we'll follow gladly  
Wherever she may lead.

She tells us just exactly  
The gowns that we must wear  
And how we have to fasten  
Dead rats within our hair.  
Altho' we look like scarecrows  
We go upon the street;  
I wonder we don't frighten  
The autos that we meet.

She's made us use our dresses  
For brooms to sweep the ground,  
Collecting horrid microbes  
That ev'rywhere abound.  
And now she's made us chop off  
One third of ev'ry skirt  
So that Jack Frost is likely  
Our little feet to hurt.

And I with all the others  
    Obeyed her queer commands,  
And let my whole appearance  
    Be clay within her hands,  
Tho' often I was startled  
    By work she had performed.  
On looking in the mirror,  
    I've thought myself deformed.

But all things have a limit  
    And now I draw the line;  
There'll be no heathen earrings  
    In any ears of mine.  
I'd just as soon have hanging  
    And flashing ev'ry night,  
In each one of my nostrils,  
    A small electric light.

## MADE OVER.

She was a stylish woman, for  
She understood the way  
To make her old last season's clothes  
The fashion of today.

She knew just how to renovate  
The style of any gown,—  
Long skirts were shortened skillfully  
And sleeves turned up side down.

She'd change the color of her hats  
From white or pink to blue,  
And bows and feathers from the store  
Would make them look like new.

And when it came to cooking, then  
She really did excel,  
And it was just because she could  
Make over things so well.

She had a husband, who in youth  
The wildest things would do,  
But now he is a saint because  
She made him over, too.

IF GEORGE COULD SPEAK.

Once more my birthday's come around,  
Again my praises must be sung,  
Tho' many years with my old name,  
America has loudly rung.  
I often wish you'd let me lie  
In peace within my narrow grave,  
For I am tired of hearing that  
I was a hero, true and brave.

The little cherry tree which you,  
Keep telling children that I cut,  
No longer is a cherry tree,  
For it is now a great chestnut.  
If I had chopped my father's tree,  
I would have given dad the slip,  
Since no confession would have saved  
Me from the lashes of his whip.

Now do not think that I'm a crank,  
Because I don't appreciate  
The way the anniversary of  
My birth you all still celebrate.  
I merely wish you'd bear in mind  
I was a man the same as you,  
And had my share of faults and sins  
And made a lot of blunders, too.

It's been a long time since I sat  
Within the presidential chair,  
But ever since I had that seat  
I have been loaded down with care.  
"The Father of His Country" is  
The title you have given me.  
Has Teddy Roosevelt aught to say  
About my whole dear family?

Your hero worship makes me smile,  
And sometimes causes me much pain,  
For I know how you'd hoot at me,  
If I'd appear on earth again.  
I'd be the worst back number that  
Most anyone would choose to meet,  
And as I'd dodge your autos, all  
The dogs would chase me down the street.

I'm very sorry I was born  
Upon the twenty-second, for  
It looks to me as tho' you'll keep  
This business up forevermore.  
Another day, and I would not  
Have felt I was obliged to urge  
You thus to let me rest—it would  
Have been just twenty-three for George.



MY NEW MAMMA.

I don't like mammas when you buy 'em ready-made  
Like papa did. I wisht a higher price he'd paid  
And got one made to order.

My papa seems to think that she is very nice,  
But guess, if he would stop and think about her twice,  
He'd feel like I do toward 'er.

My firstest mamma died about three months ago  
And me and papa felt just awful bad, you know,  
And I was dreadful sorry  
For papa, 'cause each night he used to cry and cry,  
And I was scared for fear he might get sick and die,  
But he said, "Don't you worry!"

And soon he came a-luggin' home this other one  
And smilin' awful happy-like he said, "My son,  
Here is a bran new mother."  
But I just stood and sized her up a minute and  
I said, "She isn't new at all. She's second hand.  
I'd go and buy another."

My other mamma used to be so good and kind.  
She was the bestest mamma you could ever find,  
    But papa used to scold 'er.  
And when to this new mamma he was so polite,  
I put a great big beetle in her ear one night.  
    "He'll change some day," I told 'er.

Bob Smith says papa made a match when he  
Brought my new mamma home that night to give to  
    me,  
    But that's a funny notion.  
'Tain't true, 'cause if there'd been a spark 'round any  
    place,  
I guess, with all the powder on my mamma's face,  
    There'd been a big explosion.

## VACCINATION.

It was true the smallpox raged  
Ev'rywhere about,  
And the people felt they should  
Try to stamp it out.  
Vaccination was the means  
That must be employed,  
Tho' the process wasn't one  
That could be enjoyed.

One by one the children went  
To the doctor there,  
And with sleeves all rolled up high  
Stood with arms quite bare.  
'Twas a duty that they must  
Ev'ry one perform,  
To avoid the school board's wrath  
And perchance a storm.

But at last a little girl  
Started fast away,  
"You can't vaccinate me, sir,"  
She was heard to say.  
"I'm a Christian Scientist,  
So you must allow  
Absent treatment for my arm—  
And I'll take it now."

## FALL MILLINERY.

For our new hats we looked about  
And hunted ev'rywhere,  
Until at last we all gave up  
And went home in despair.

'Twas not because there were no hats,  
But they were far too high  
For anyone but millionaires'  
Or bankers' wives to buy.

But on our rounds we'd taken in  
The leading styles, of course,  
And all agreed with one assent  
They could not be much worse.

And so we said we thought that we  
Some headgear would create,  
And if we looked like wild west shows  
We'd be quite up-to-date.

And then we took our last year's hats  
And put the backs in front—  
To have most of the brim behind  
Is now the proper stunt.

We took our feather duster from  
It's place behind the door,  
And such a bath in gasoline  
It never had before.

But when upon my sister's head  
The duster's feathers sat,  
We girls declared we'd never seen  
A more becoming hat.

For Sunday dinner then we all  
Indulged in chicken stew,  
As we had figured out that we  
Could use the feathers, too.

We dipped them in some blueing which  
For washday we had made,  
And on my other sister's hat  
They were a lovely shade.

And now I'm waiting patiently  
Until Thanksgiving's o'er,  
And when they see my turkey plumes,  
My sisters will feel sore.















MAR 18 1908

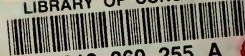
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